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South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Buenos Ayrean Herdieros—Pampa Pastures—Country Conveyances—Equestrianism—Palaver with a Padre.

Distinctive in habits, manners and customs, from all other classes or conditions of men and women and *muchachos* anywhere on this earth, as much so as are the hack-drivers of the United States, the news-boys of New York, the fish wives of London, the "beach comber of the West Coast of America," and politicians everywhere, are the *herdieros* of the interior regions of the Rio de la Plata.

Governed by no law, led by no code of morals, ruled by no religion, serving only instinct and brute intelligence, the pampa herdsman is a *freeman* in the most liberal construction of the term. And yet we shall find in all civilized nations whole communities of far worse Christians than these "outside barbarians" of Buenos Ayres' great grassy plains.

As a rule—to which as in all other things, there are exceptions—the *native* herdiero is generous to a fault, hospitable beyond comparison, true as steel to all his obligations—promised or implied, social and simple in his habits, convivial without intemperance, a good liver after his fashion, without being a glutton, true in his friendship, but unsparing in his enmity, and courteous by inheritance, the native *herdiero* is not so objectionable a companion or neighbor after all. And then he is always rich. Though he rides abroad or lounges at home, rises and lies down, eats, sleeps, lives, dies, and is buried in the everlasting red blanket, *calzoncillos*, broad girdle of russet leather, russet *sabatos* and sombrero of dusky felt, though the interior of his low, rude *casa* be as bare of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life as the kraal of the Cape Hottentot, nevertheless the herdiero of the pampa is of necessity rich.

With not an artificial want, but few natural ones, and those few simple and easily satisfied, his hides and horns, his wool and tallow being always merchantable, and money commodities, his herds ever increasing, taxing his capacity to cut them down to a manageable maximum, no care being necessary in stock raising, no expense incurred for winter shelter and feeding, the herdiero's practice is all income and no outlay. Dollars flow always steadily towards his treasury and coined wealth is constantly accumulating, making the herdiero rich, and he never in the least suspecting it.

This description of the Buenos Ayrean herdsman will, however, in very rare instances hold good when applied to the foreign element, which within a range of fifty leagues from the city of Buenos Ayres is made up almost exclusively of "Bog-trotters" from "the gim av the sae," and very nearly without an exception the wickedest, wildest Irishmen in creation.

My own observation abroad has been that in almost every instance where I found an individual domiciled in some far-off nook or corner of creation, remote from the place of his nativity, and there being in the premises none of the necessities which send so many thousands of *foreign emigrants to our shores*, there would be found cropping out a chronic, restless recklessness, never quite compatible with the social requirements of the best regulated society. This is peculiarly characteristic of the Irish emigrant to the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata.

Pat and his Sheelah, with perhaps three small sprigs of the "Ould Turf" land in Buenos Ayres to-day, with ten pounds seven shillings in his pocket, and away they tramp to-morrow ten, fifteen, twenty leagues out into the campo. A week's joint labor, and the expenditure of a pound sterling provides a better shanty than Pat and Sheelah have ever sheltered their heads under in the "ould country," their next hand native neighbor, or perhaps an earlier emigrant offers fifty head of horned cattle, a hundred sheep, to be returned double in five years, half a dozen horses as a free gift, and Pat is at once established in business.

Look for Pat in a year from that day, and he's *gone*—i.e. he is changed from the chrysalis paddy into the Buenos Ayrean Irish butterfly. And what a metamorphose—gone is frieze jacket, corduroys, and brogans, and Paddy O'Rourk, is out in red blanket, *calzones-y rillios*, broad belt, Spanish knife, and sombrero—riding like a quacho, swaggering like a Gascon, blathering murdered Spanish, and failing at every fourth word, filling in the gaps with Gaelic Irish. In five years from the day of his advent into the country, we shall find Pat the proprietor of an *estancia*, with five hundred head of cattle, a thousand sheep, more horses than he can count or care for, an acre of vegetables, thirteen hundred *pesos* in silver stowed away; and Sheelah, with several small "childers" at the breast, looking healthier, happier, and younger than she did the day she landed.

That as a rule, is the Irish *herdiero* of the Buenos Ayrean pampas.

We have read in print so often, the expressions—"Great grassy plains"—"Natural meadows"—"Pampa clover-fields," and the like, that I believe the very large majority of readers have laid hold of the idea that all those immense South American *Llanos*—Pampas—prairies, if you please, are grassy, clover pastures, such as we find in the United States and Europe. That is an error that ought to be corrected. Certainly there is grass everywhere on all the South American grazing fields—a great deal of it on those of Brazil, Venezuela, New Granada, and Equador. But it is a coarse, hard, tough, dry material, not much worth in grazing, a fact that the horses and cattle of those countries understand much better than the majority of readers in this do.

The real pasturage of all these regions consists of a low undergrowth made up of a dozen varieties of sweet, tender, nutritious herbs, mixed to some extent always, with three or four kinds of bladed grasses, and three of something that does its best to be civilized clover, though it is not quite that. By-the-bye, I think that our friend Vernet, who has forty times more science in this direction than I profess to have, might afford us an interesting chapter upon Pampa pasturage.

I know this much about the subject. All the graminiverous animals feed entirely on this varied undergrowth; and I believe produces sweeter, juicier, finer flavored meats, than any of our pasturage in this country or Europe does.

I remember just here, that several years since, a New York farmer asked me this question—

"How do the wild cattle and horses of your country live and thrive as they do, without salt?"

And I replied—

"They do not, sir. In all the Llano and Pampa regions, there are plenteous saline particles in the soil; and I have five hundred times tasted the undergrowth of herbage, and always found it pleasantly salt."

Although there are no known salt deposits of any extent worth nothing in South America, the material seems to be distributed in the surface soil in all the interior grassy-regions, from the Amazon to the Rio Negro south of the La Plata.

Journey whither we will, through the length and breadth of *el Confederacio Argentina* we shall find the vehicles of conveyance as primitive and doubly as clumsy as those of Brazil. Ox-carts—everywhere and for every purpose of commerce or country conveyance where wheels are brought into requisition, it is a repetition of ox-cart. Great, rude, rough, ungainly, cattle-killing machines, looking more as if midnight lightning had struck them out of a pile of gum logs, than any Christian cart. Monstrous wheels of solid wood, a foot or more in thickness, six or seven feet in diameter, as round as—a turkey's egg—axle a foot square, mortised solid into the wheels and turning with them, rounded roughly where the bed pieces of the body lie across it on a triangular notch—the body itself, a huge frame like the flume of an old-fashioned, out-door saw-mill, a tongue like the bowsprit of a lobster smack, the fabric shingled with raw hides, ornamented with the horns, and tails hanging all along the sides like becalmed pennants, and there we have the universal, everyday, Sunday, Saint day, and all the other days, cart.

A wheeled ark, a moving caravansary. With ten pairs of bullocks, always tied together by a stout stick lashed across the horns, and all tethered in a string with *lassos*, and not less than eight noisy *carretieros*—four on each side, mounted on horseback, armed with long poles, tipped with a sharp spike, sidelong bullocks into line, all whooping, yelling, or roaring away at some *muletiero's* song or love ditty, with voices as melodious as the filing of a cross cut saw, and there we have a brave Buenos Ayrean turn out for a visit across the pampas, a rural funeral cortege or a jolly wedding tour. Many a pleasant journey have I made in such a conveyance. There is a regular line of this kind of pampa packets, plying between Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso. Crossing the continent in a cart—and such a cart. What do you think of such fun—you ladies and gentlemen who lounge off your journeys in luxurious carriages and rail cars?

But after all, the saddle is the natural locomotive position for a Buenos Ayrean *compatriero* or senora. They are all at home there. While the Braziliero, or *Braziliera* claims that they are the best riders in the world, they add in the next breath—

"*El mohara de Buenos Ayres muito mijor*"—the Buenos Ayrean women are much better.

That is precisely my own opinion. Indeed I believe as a general thing, that in equestrian exercises, these dimity riders of the interior regions of the Rio de la Plata have no equals in the world.

Very recently there have appeared in print several ably written articles, urging the abolishment of that inevitable woman-killer, the side saddle, advocating the practice that two or three of our clearer headed, stouter hearted country women have dared to adopt, of riding like a *man*. And everybody seems to stare as if the idea was a bran new one, originated down North here since the close of the war.

Nonsense—nothing new about it. I have seen South American women riding on both sides of their horses and using two stirrups these thirty years, and am well assured that such has been their practice ever since the earliest settlement of the country. In my opinion they are all the better women for the practice, both morally and physically. I shall offer here a bit of testimony touching these points that I consider valuable.

One day Father Enrico, the good old Dominican *padre* in charge of the Missions at Entre Rios, was riding close by the bridle arm of my wife, who was herself riding like a *man*, and she was educating the old philosopher in the mysteries of a civilized side saddle, and the fashion of riding in Europe and the United States.

"*Carramba!*" exclaimed Padre Enrico, when the lesson had been taught him—"*Cari!* Senora Minnie—I am not surprised that your country women should be only pretty dolls, and so often very wicked ones."

"Are our women in North America, morally worse than yours of this country, Senor Padre?" Minnie inquired.

"I hear and read that they are, Senora, and of necessity I know they must be. Don't you see, daughter, they take so little exercise, and then to think of their twisting themselves into a screw in the saddle! It is murder, Senora Minnie."

"Yes, I believe so, Father Enrico, but about the immorality?"

"Why, don't you see, daughter? riding properly is the most proper exercise in the world for any young woman. It developes rapidly physical vigor, and the more vigorous and robust a woman is the more virtuous she becomes. Now an indecent expression or an improper proposition made by any man to either of those young ladies dashing away yonder like men, would be rebuked most likely with steel or bullet, or at least with life long scorn. We have no cases of seductions and infancy and child murder among our free riding Senoras of these provinces—you have seen that, my daughter."

"Yes, Padre, I have often remarked the fact and wondered at it."

"You need not, Dona Minnie. Let your young women take to the saddle as ours do, and their morals, as well as their physical condition, will be greatly improved."

GREAT CAT QUESTION.—The Judge de Paix of Fontainebleau has decided that it is unlawful to set traps in a garden to catch your neighbor's cats, which are in the habit of trespassing, and has awarded fifteen francs damages for fifteen cats immolated. The law of this case is questioned by some of the papers, which recommend the defeated party to appeal to the Court of Cassation. It is admitted that wild cats may be lawfully snared, and how is a trap to distinguish between a wild cat proper and that *quasi* wild cat which strays from its master's premises? That a house cat is private property and a domestic animal is assumed; but the question is whether it does not forfeit that character by leaving the house.

☞ We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tombs is a fruit-offering of good deeds.

A Woman Made to Mute Twenty-

Sam. H. Hoshour write Ind., Aug. 16, to the Ci lows:—

About twenty-five ye Barnell, who was then of Jacksonborough, in t time about fifteen years ing a camp-meeting in t act of prayer, went in mood she remained for the expiration of which with aphonia, and from day, she could convey he nipulation, having not u the time.

Being conversant with and having noticed that his speech under the exc tle, and whose case had experts of the army, wa bibing freely of the ard much gratification to m the lady to try the exp doubt be a source of rej friends. Having procur best *acacia antiquum*, sh about ten o'clock yesterd dinary time, using com beautifully drunk.

After lying in a comat at which time she began ter astonishment of all pr at first slowly, but afterw as if the gift had never d ing continues to talk as adept in the matter. The prise in this part of the doubt, interest a numbe mayhap some one similar per application, be relie state that Miss B. was, speech, troubled with called St. Vitus' dance.

A WAGGISH PRISONE in Buchanan county, I and two bailiffs were named Rorubacher, to evidence in the case a same offence. Here is v discomfiture of the office on their journey, the par in a pond, and it was rem The deputy hauled out h was about to shoot, whe Rorubacher, you are a g ain't you?". "Of cour "Take the revolver, then those ducks." Rorubac jumped out of the little towards the ducks for ab then suddenly wheeling them with the pistol, t aide to get out of the wa as he intended to take a gine the "feelinks" of t began to crawl down out prisoner-witness had th possession. Having got road, and, mounting th facetious prisoner made and then surrendered hi that he had no wish to the affair.

BOLD ROBBERY.—On M Mr. David Wilson, residi started on a visit to his On reaching Harrisburg, and proceeded towards tering the car which he a one, he was met by two most courteous and ac informed him that he wa and represented one mor should enter. Mr. W., any deception, at once pointed out, accompanie entering the car, which pocket-book was peren him. Finding resistance hape dangerous, he yiel Whereupon the robbers have since been unheard contained a considerab some valuable papers.

THE Prince of Wales's ently decorated and arr centre compartment, is f hogany, walnut tree, and a balance table, and the lockers, cupboard for d &c. The fireplace has a l ney-piece, with mirror ab aft is superbly fitted wi spring cushions covered ble washstand, and a sal floor. The saloon, ladies have all Brussels carpets are fitted for the skylig ladies' cabin. The hand the doors are of amber. French polished. The is thirty-six tons, and is

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STRANGE, BUT TRUE.— hobbled into a crowded Friday, and a pale-faced arose and gave him her ing up to the vacated se they threw themselves i The soldier had been te nessee, and was suppose ing little wife. Before h her, she removed to C never reached her. As he set out for home, and in the romantic way we h her generous impulse in maimed soldier, her reu long delayed.

☞ It is publicly an the intelligence will be g who live there, that the of New York have arra dirt in their own hands

☞ The Rev. Dr. Ha of the Epiphany in W ceived a call to the C Francisco, with a salary gold. He replied that h investigate the case, an look for another candida is $3,000 in greenbacks.

☞ The value of ci piece of freehold grou 2,500 feet in Cannon s Swithin's lane, London, £30,600.

Talk After Being Five Years.

from Cambridge City, cinnati Gazette as fol-

ars ago, Miss Parmelia and is now a resident this county, and at the of age, while attend- his vicinity, and in the to a trance, in which about eleven days, at time she was attacked that time until yester- r thoughts only by ma- tered a syllable during

the facts above stated, a soldier who had lost itement of a great bat- baffled the skill of the s made to talk by im- ent, it was a source of to get the consent of eriment, as it will no bleing to her numerous ed for her a pint of e began to imbibe it ay morning, and in or- non parlance, become

ose state for two hours, to sober off, to the ut- esent she began to talk, ards with as much ease eparted, and this morn- glibly as if she was an case causes much sur- country, and will, no r of your readers, and ly afflicted may, by pro- od. It may be well to prior to her loss of chorea, or commonly

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n.—A few days ago, owa, a deputy sheriff taking a bank robber Butler Centre, to give gainst Pollard for the what happened, to the rs. At a certain point y saw some wild ducks arked to be a fine shot. is revolver, cocked, and he said: "By the by, ood shot with a pistol, se," said Rorubacher. , and try your hand at her took the weapon, wagon, and advancing out ten or twelve steps, around and covering ld the deputy and his gon, and very quickly, ride by himself. Ima- hat little crowd as they of that wagon, for the eir only pistol in his them safely into the he buggy himself, the the party a speech, s advantage, declaring use it, and so ended

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Monday morning week, ng near Shippensburg, relations in the West. he procured his ticket the train. Before en- supposed was the proper individuals, who, in the commodating manner, s taking the wrong car, e distant as the car he utterly unsuspicious of proceeded to the car d by the robbers. On was unoccupied, his aptorily demanded of to be useless, and per- ded to their demands. glided out of sight, and of. The pocket-book le sum of money and

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yacht is most magnifi- anged. The saloon, or itted with Spanish ma- bird-eye maple. It has e are book-cases, wine- decanters, wine-glasses, handsome marble chim- ove. The ladies' cabin h mirror, couches, and with crimson silk, mar- t-water bath below the ' and captain's cabins, , and red silk curtains hts in the saloon and les and finger-plates on All the furniture is yacht is cutter built; called the "Dagmar."

-A one-legged soldier treet car in Chicago on bus pretty little woman seat. As he was pass- at their gaze met, and nto each other's arms. rribly wounded in Ten- d to be dead by his lov- he was able to write to Chicago, and his letter soon as he could travel met his sorrowing wife have described. But for giving her seat to a nion might have been

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nounced, and no doubt ratifying to the people "Street Commissioners aged to retain the street this year."

ll, Rector of the Church ashington, has just re- thedral Church in San of $10,000 payable in e had not time even to d they must therefore tc. His present salary

ty land is fabulous. A ad, occupying a site of treet, at the corner of was sold recently for

Annual Report of the Royal Fire and Life Insurance Company.

From the Report to the Shareholders of the Royal Insurance Company, who held their Annual Meeting on the 6th of Aug. last, we glean the following interesting facts, which show the financial condition of this favorably known company to be most sound, and its progress both in the Fire and Life branches to have been great beyond expectation:—

As regards expansion, the operations of the year have been, in point of fact, more than usually successful. The premiums received in the year 1863 were £941,668; the premiums of 1864 amounted to £406,404; showing an increase of £64,736, the largest advance the Company has made in any single year since its establishment.

The returns of duty paid to government, ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, on the motion of the chairman of this Company, exhibit a like result.

Of the financial condition of the Company the appendix to the Managers' report gives the following most satisfactory statements:—

The progress of the Fire Revenue, which, from its almost unexampled rapidity, forms one of the main features, if not the most remarkable one, in the career of this establishment, has been laid before the public, in various shapes, from time to time. It will now suffice to give the following statement, showing that in seven years the premiums have increased by a sum of £231,354, or upwards of 130 per cent:

Year.	Premiums.	Losses.	Per cent. on losses on Prem.
1857,	£175,049 4 8	£94,179 0 6	53 80
1858,	196,148 2 6	100,509 3 10	51.24
1859,	208,314 7 3	139,024 3 2	66.45
1860,	302,977 19 11	162,420 19 5	61.76
1861,	292,402 19 11	257,804 0 5	83 16
1862,	300,690 18 11	168,978 15 8	56.19
1863,	341,668 3 2	168,684 10 3	49 19
1864,	406,403 13 10	320,658 8 0	78.90

The capital of the Company is £2,000,000, or £10,000,000 (gold.)

Capital paid up	£287,905	0	0
Fire Reserved Fund	110,460	2	10
Profit and Loss Account	86,489	9	4
Life Fund,	549,615	3	1
Annuity Funds	117,277	18	0
Endowment Funds	13,541	14	4
	£1,160,049	7	7

LIFE BRANCH.

From the Managers' Report on the Life Insurance business of the Company, we learn that this department is also in a most prosperous condition, and that its progress during the last quinquennial period has been largely beyond the most sanguine expectations.

AMOUNT OF BUSINESS EFFECTED.

Under this head the inference drawn in 1859, from the aspect of the affairs at that time, was that the revenue of the next five years (1860-64) would far exceed the total amount collected in the preceding fifteen years.

The realized result now turns out as follows:

For the first fifteen years (1845–59) the net premiums received, after deducting Re-assurances, and Returns, amounted to	£332,909	11	6
In the last five years there was added under this head the further sum of	543,025	13	8
The difference, showing the amount of the last five years to be no less than 63 per cent. in advance of the preceding fifteen years, is	210,032	2	1

In like manner it will be seen that the accumulations of interest, which amounted in the first fifteen years to £40,233, reach the sum of £82,693 for the subsequent five years alone.

But the extent to which the Life Branch has increased year by year, and by increasing amounts will be made more clear by reviewing the progress of the new Life business effected to the present time.

Taking quinquennial periods—

		New Policies issued.	Sum Assured.	Premium.
1st five year,	1845–49,	488	£272,796	£8,125
2d "	1850–54,	1750	733,498	21,629
3d "	1855–59,	3886	1,655,678	50,470
4th "	1860–64,	7402	3,439,216	110,920

In the last of these years (1864) the new Life business was as under:

Sum Assured, $1,014,807; Premium, £32,769—thus showing that the new Life Assurances effected in that year exceeded the entire new business of the first ten years.

The progress exhibited by those figures is self-evident. No comment is needed.

EXPENSES.

The expenses, which include commissions and every other charge, show a diminishing ratio.

For the first ten years to 1851 inclusive, they were	14.8 per cent.
For the five years 1855–59	12 75 "
For the five years 1860–64	11 98 "

The increase of business, if continued, will furnish the means of reducing the ratio of expenditure still further.

CLAIMS.

Under the head of claims there are some remarkably favorable features, which are worthy of minute consideration:

The claims for the first ten years, it will be found, were £32 15s per centum of the premiums received, or decimally	32.75
The following five years, £31 14s. per cent.	31.07
And for the last five years	33.39
Whilst for the entire period of twenty years they amount to	32.09

The mere fact of the mortality for a period of twenty years being only 32 1/2 per cent. of the premiums received, presents itself as a remarkable phenomenon to the mind of any one acquainted with the nature of life contingencies.

The satisfactory state of the account with respect to the number of deaths which have occurred, and the small amount of claims payable thereupon annually, with the large expansion of the business by the Company, most amply verifies the anticipation recorded in the "appendix" of 1859, that "an office exercising such care, will itself be selected by the best lives. Healthy assurers will soon be aware that, being admitted among a more select class, all the advantages to be derived from assurance will be secured them in the amount of bonus which this system of watchfulness will create."

DIVIDENDS.

The dividends distributed among the holders of Life Policies for the quinquennial period just completed, amount to 2 per cent. per annum of the sum assured, to be added to the original sum assured of every participating policy—so that upon an assurance for $1000, effected five years ago, there come $100 as dividends.

LIFE FUNDS.

The growth of the Company can likewise be shown by the rapid increase of its accumulated funds, after deducting all claims and expenses:

In the year 1854, being the end of the first ten years of the Company's existence, the accumulations, including debts on policies just previously to the division of profits, amounted to	£65,668	8	2
In 1859, at the expiration of the following five years, they reached	214,310	1	1
In 1864, at the end of the last quinquennial period, they were	571,016	11	1

The accumulations, therefore, of the last five years alone, (viz., £356,730) are not far from 70 per cent. above the total accumulation of the preceding fifteen years, and more than five times the sum accumulated during the first ten years of the Company's progress.

The average amount, added annually to the Life Funds, during those successive periods, is likewise equally significant:

In the first ten years it amounted annually to	£6,567	0	0
In the following five years	20,729	0	0
Whilst in the last five years, it was	71,347	0	0

Here again, we have a manifest and unmistakable evidence of large progress.

The funds of the Life, Annuity and Endowment branches, after paying every claim made, every annuity due, and every expense incurred, amounted, on the 31st of December, 1864, to £607,856.

This amount does not, of course, include the capital paid up and the reserve fund and profit and loss account of the Fire Department.

At the last valuation, only five years since, these Life and Annuity Funds reached but the sum of £202,614.

The increased acceleration in the growth of the Company's funds already shown, in various aspects, receives, therefore, an added illustration by the comparison of these amounts.

The safety and eligibility of the investment of these large funds made by the directors are noticed in the annual reports made by the auditors to the shareholders. The following is an extract from the speech of one of these officers:

"I am happy to say that in the course of our examination every document, every account, and every voucher which we required was placed unreservedly in our hands; and that every deed of security on which property is held passed either through our hands or under our eyes. The result of our investigation is that your property is undoubtedly solid, substantial and secure. You have a substantial property, gentlemen; in fact, your securities are so good that I believe your property is as safe as though it was all in the Bank of England; and I cannot but believe that both the proprietors and the policy holders will agree with me in the opinion that it speaks well for your directors and for your manager that so much care should have been taken, and taken with so much success, in the management and investment of your funds."

Curious, if True.

An anecdote to make the mouth water is going the rounds to this effect:—It appears that the largest landed proprietor of Spain is the Duke d'Osuna, of the amount of whose property the five hundred stewards alone know the extent. The duke was met recently by an *attache* of the English Embassy at Madrid in one of the *salons* of that capital, to whom the *attache* said, "Monsieur le Duc, I have a mission to execute for my embassy in Andalusia, and going to leave Madrid to-morrow. Would you kindly give me the permission to shoot over your property?" "Willingly, my dear sir," was the reply, "if I had any property in Andalusia, but I have not." "I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Duc, but you have." "What, I?" "Yes, truly." "Are you quite sure?" "Nothing is easier than to make the discovery, Monsieur le Duc." The duke went to his Madrid man of business the next day, and found, to his surprise, that he had indeed ten thousand acres in that province. We fancy it would be rather difficult to beat that in England, and that most of us would remember that we had a stray ten thousand acres more or less, were it ever so stray.

☞ The cholera is said to be making sure and steady progress in France, and the action of the government in endeavoring to keep all knowledge of the state of affairs from the people is very generally condemned. The disease is, however, reported to have no very virulent form, though the space over which it extends is very considerable, and is increasing rapidly.

☞ A correspondent who has seen her, describes Miss Braddon as a "red-haired, stout, rather vulgar-looking cockney woman of thirty odd," and says she has been an itinerant actress, and known great destitution. The combined sale of her books in England has been six hundred thousand copies, in America two hundred and fifty thousand, in France and Germany one hundred thousand. She has made in the past four years about forty thousand pounds, and funded half of it.

☞ A young man was recently tried in Paris for enticing a young woman away from her family by means of the use of mesmerism. He boasted of his magnetic power while standing at the bar, and offered to magnetize the presiding judge. He actually tried to magnetize the Procureur-Imperial, and frightened him so much that he angrily ordered the prisoner to lower his eyes. Being found guilty by the jury, he was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment with hard labor.

☞ Many persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is that they cannot find thoughts for their words.

☞ STRANGE COINCIDENCES.—On the 14th of April, Orsini, Charlotte Corday, Ravaillac, and Booth, committed their crimes; and William III., Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., William IV., Washington, and Lincoln, have all died on a Saturday.

☞ NEW FIRE EXTINGUISHER.—The efficacy of Dr. Carlier's fire extinguisher was satisfactorily shown at the Abbe Moigno's last *soiree*. This small instrument is really nothing more than a bottle of what is in England called soda-water—that is, water saturated under pressure with carbonic acid. A stopcock lets out, and a pipe directs, the jet of gas and water to the flames, which, of course, quickly succumb. Larger instruments may be made to generate the gas within themselves by special arrangements. We do not see that this apparatus offers any advantage over Phillips's disinguisher.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little shipping demand for Flour—8000 bbls found buyers at $7@7,75 for superfine; $8@8,75 for extras; $8,75@10,50 for north-western and good Pennsylvania extra family, and $11@12,00 for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6@6,25 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal—Sales Pennsylvania Meal at $4,75 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The offerings of Wheat continue light. The week's sales reach 40,000 bus, at $2,10@2,20 for new reds, and $2,15@2,30 for old do; and $2,35@2,50 for white. Rye—Sales at 95c@$1,10, as to quality. Corn—about 20,000 bus were disposed of at $1,05@99c for yellow, and 96@96c for white. Oats—Sales of 30,000 bus are reported at 56@59c for new, and 60c for old.

PROVISIONS—The stocks of all kinds are light, and a small business doing in Pork at $33@34½ for mess. Beef ranges at $12@16 ℔ bbl for western and city packed. Bacon moves off at 27@30c for plain and fancy Hams; 19c for Sides, and 18@18½c for Shoulders. Green Meats—Salt Shoulders at 16½@17c. Pickled Hams are held at 23c. Lard is selling at 24@25½c for bbls and tcs, and 25@26c for kegs. Butter is selling at 25@28c for good and prime western and Pennsylvania packed; Goshen is held at 43@43c. Cheese is active at 15@17c ℔ lb. Eggs are worth 25@26c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market is unsettled; sales 450 bales at 43@45c for middlings.

BARK—Quercitron finds ready sale at $32½ for 1st No 1. No change in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is quoted at 50@51c.

COAL—The market is excited and leading upward. Schuylkill White Ash, lump ℔ ton, $8@8,50; Prepared do, $8@8,50; Red Ash, $8,25@8,75; Lehigh, lump, $8,25@8,75; Prepared, $8,25@9,75; by retail, do, $9@10,50; Schuylkill prepared, $8,50@9,75.

FEATHERS are selling at 90@100c for good Western.

FRUIT—Sales are confined to Peaches, which are not so plenty, and selling freely from $1 to $3 per box, as to quality.

HAY continues dull at $15@20 ℔ ton for new and old.

HOPS—Sales at 40@50c ℔ lb.

IRON—There is not much Pig Metal offering; sales 3000 tons at $31 for red short; $30 for mottled and white; $42½@44 for Glendon; $40 for No 2 foundry and $44 for No 1. Scotch Pig is worth $40 ℔ ton.

LUMBER—The market continues active; sales of White Pine at $25@28, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $8@10.

PLASTER—Sales at $3,40@3,50 ℔ ton.

RICE—Sales at 9½@10c for Rangoon and 11@11½c for Carolina.

SEEDS—There is more Cloverseed offering; sales at $7@10 ℔ bus for old and new. Timothy is in steady demand at $3,50@4 ℔ bus. Flaxseed—Sales at $2,80@2,90 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quoted at $2,35@2,40. Whiskey—Sales at $2,27@2,30.

SUGARS are rather higher; sales 1600 hhds, at 12½@13½c for Cuba, and 14@15c for Porto Rico.

TALLOW—Sales at 14@15c ℔ lb for rendered.

WOOL—Sales 250,000 lbs at 68@70c for common and quarter, 72c for half, 73@77c for full blood, and fine, and 70@75c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from $12,50 to 14,00 ℔ 100 lbs. 2000 Hogs at from $15 to 17,00 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6½ to 7½c ℔ lb. 150 Cows brought from $30 to 60 ℔ head.

WAITING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I will not call thee, my beloved,
I only wait: the sunset's red
Burns paler on the summer hills,
And in the blue sky overhead.
Faints from the little vale below,
Where shadows, vague and grey,
Keep mournful tryst, as in my heart
When thou art far away!

So softly come the twilight winds,
They scarcely stir the meadow grass,
Or the wild blossoms in the brake,
Beneath their still feet as they pass;
I listen with my heart to hear
A lighter tread than this,
The coming of my darling's feet
I surely shall not miss.

Thou too art waiting, listening long,
For one entreating word from me;
But though my eyes grow sudden dim,
My glad heart will not answer thee!
Alone, uncalled, my love shall come
Along this shadowy way,
And fill the little woodland glen
With sweeter light than day!

Why wilt thou doubt me? one low word
Could tell thee all my longing love,
Yet am I dumb, the faithful stars
Are throbbing in the sky above.
Lo, in my heart the stars arise
To light thee on thy way?
O, hoped for, waited for, how long
Must thy dear feet delay? RYMA.

MARK EVERTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

Henry Leslie and his friend, Mark Everton, were seated in the cozy library of Leslie's pretty home on the Hudson. Everton had arrived only that afternoon, and as he had been for the last five years travelling in Europe and the East, the two old comrades had much to discuss and to relate. Henry had married during that time, but the presentation to his pretty young wife and curly-headed boy was over, and just now Mark's own prospects formed the theme of conversation.

"So your uncle left you all his fortune, Mark," said Leslie; "and I suppose if it had not been for that you might have remained abroad for ten years longer."

"I don't know," replied Everton. "I was tolerably contented there, and as I have so few ties here, having no family of my own, no mother, sister, or wife, to welcome me, very likely I might have remained away some time longer."

"That's just it," cried Henry. "You must marry."

"My dear fellow, I have no choice," said Mark with a smile. "As you say, I *must* marry."

"I am glad you think so," returned Leslie. "A man is so much happier. Now look at me," he suggested brightly.

"Oh! I've no doubt I shall be happier, but that is not the only point. You know, I suppose, how I am situated? You have heard about the terms of the will?"

"No, I have not—except that all the money is yours."

"Yes, on condition that I am married within six months from the day of my arrival in New York."

"Oho!" exclaimed Leslie. "I did not know that. What a singular condition to attach to half a million!"

"It is rather odd, but you know Uncle Sam never married, and I presume he had a painful consciousness of the forlornness of a bachelor's life, and wished to save me from a similar fate. He was always urging me to marry even before I went abroad, and during my absence, every now and then his letters would contain some words on the subject. He was really very fond of me, I believe, and sincerely desirous of my happiness, so that in order to insure my escape from the horrors of single life, he added this clause to his will."

"It was a singular idea, but a very sensible one after all, perhaps. And have you no lady in your eye, or in your heart?"

"No one, I assure you, my dear Henry. I have remained up to this time without any knowledge of love, deeper than the merest passing caprice, yet I have no doubt I should be happier married, and I feel rather obliged to my uncle for thus forcing me to turn my attention to a subject I might otherwise have neglected."

"You talk very coolly about it," said Leslie, "but your time may come yet. There are half a dozen nice girls about here, besides Clara, my wife's pretty little sister, and you may meet your fate yet."

"I shall yield easily," replied Everton. "I am thirty-two, and it is quite time I thought of settling for life."

Here the summons to dinner interrupted the conversation, and the two friends left the library for the pleasant dining-room.

Clara Dale, Mrs. Leslie's sister, had been so occupied with her toilette, that she had not appeared at Everton's arrival, but now she came out to meet her fellow guest with a very pretty blush and smile. Her costume was perfect, doing full justice in all its carefulness of detail, to the length of time occupied in completing it. Her blonde hair was *ensemble ment crepe*, and dressed in the extreme of the fashion, was a profusion of rolls and curls. Her dainty figure was set off by the exquisite fit and the transparent fullness of the muslin dress. On the whole, she was decidedly a pretty girl, her features somewhat insignificant, but redeemed by a delicate complexion and an expression of amiability about the impartial mouth.

Mrs. Leslie had perhaps certain matrimonial ideas in her head from the moment she knew that the wealthy Mark Everton was to be her guest, and Miss Clara, too, had not been in society two years without understanding how eligible a *parti* she was about to meet. But whatever ambitious views had been in her mind, they vanished utterly in an absorbed admiration from the moment that her eyes rested on Everton's fine figure and handsome face. The first glance of his earnest gray eyes vanquished her completely, and to her he seemed the most splendid and fascinating man she had ever met. She was too childishly simple to conceal anything, and her innocent admiration would have been apparent to a less observing man than Mark Everton. As for him, he was rather pleased at her evident homage, and thinking her a very pretty girl, he allowed himself to drift into considerable devotion to her. Mrs. Leslie he saw was a very lovely woman, and although Clara was not by any means equal to her sister now, she was very much like her, and perhaps would be as fine a woman at the same age.

So for that evening and the days that followed, Mark was very devoted to Clara. He rode with her, drove with her, and walked with her, till at the end of a week they were on terms that bordered very closely on those suitable to lovers only. To be sure Clara was rather insipid as a constant companion, but then she was very amiable, and entirely devoted to Mark, so that he was beginning to imagine that he could not find a prettier or nicer wife, when one morning they were invited to dine at Mr. Allen's.

"I suppose we are to accept this invitation with pleasure, as we do all the others," said Mark, glancing over at Clara as she leaned back in a large arm-chair, playing with the silky ears of a little poodle.

"An invitation where?" she asked, looking up with childish curiosity.

"To dine at the Allens' to-morrow. Here is your note."

"At the Allens'—oh, yes!" Then, after a sudden pause, her face clouded as she said: "Gertrude Allen must have come home."

"I dare say. Is she nice?" asked Mark carelessly.

"Nice! oh, yes! and handsome! Oh, Mark, I don't half want you to go there!"

"Why, not, pretty one?"

"Oh, because," and the pretty face drooped, crimson with blushes—"because I am afraid you will admire her more than—"

"More than I do you? Never fear, *petite*; she must be very pretty, if she is prettier than you."

"She is beautiful," sighed Clara; but Mark coming over to her chair and beginning a frolic with the dog, the subject was dropped and forgotten entirely, at least by Mark, until he stood the next day in the Allens' drawing-room.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who were former acquaintances, came forward to meet him, and then their daughter was introduced. As Mark Everton bowed to that tall and beautiful woman, and met the deep, magnetic glance of her glorious eyes, he felt, for the first time in his life, that thrill of the heart that announces the presence of a being capable of swaying one's destiny. However, in this prosaic nineteenth century, one does not, by any means, at once yield to such an impression; and Mark found himself, after a few moments, going in to dinner with this fair woman on his arm, without any other sensation than that of being very happy and well contented with himself and the world in general.

But the spell that those eyes had first woven was riveted by the charms of her conversation. Gertrude Allen had that rare gift of fascination that outweighs beauty, or youth, or grace. In her combined as it was with these three other irresistible charms, the result was a rare power of attractiveness that had already made her the queen of every circle in which she had moved. Poor Clara gazing across the table and seeing Mark's eyes flash and his face light up with an animation she had never aroused, felt her heart grow heavy within her, and looked so utterly miserable, that when Mark came back to the drawing-room he turned his steps with a kind inquiry towards her—

"What is the matter, Clara? you look really ill."

"I am not sick," she faltered, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"What is it, then? little one, tell me."

"You were so devoted to Gertrude, I thought you had forgotten me."

"Is that all?" he asked, laughingly. "Well, I will be devoted to you a little while, if it will bring back your color."

A bright smile broke over Clara's sunny face.

"It will pay you much better to be devoted to me than to her," she said.

"Why? how do you know that?"

"Oh, because it would be only wasted time with her."

Without thinking of how much this speech implied of her own feelings, Mark, with suddenly roused interest, asked eagerly,

"Why would it be wasted time? Is she engaged?"

A horrible temptation was placed before Clara—it is very doubtful if she would of herself ever have had the brilliancy to think of erecting this easy barrier between the man she fancied and the woman she dreaded, but with the suggestion before her and the eagerness of his manner warning her how deep was the interest he already felt, she hesitated a moment, and then, as Mark repeated his question—"Is she engaged to be married? Tell me, Clara, if you know it"—she yielded with a sudden impulse to the crime of a deception.

"Yes," she faltered. "Oh, but I ought not to say so!" with a sudden flash of distress.

"Why not? is it a secret?"

He helped her on by every word.

"Yes—that is, very few persons know it."

"And to whom is she engaged?"

"Oh, I can't tell that! indeed I ought not to have said so much."

"Never mind, Clara," he said, kindly, "I will not repeat the story; so no harm is done; and perhaps this warning may have saved me from some folly."

He sighed as he spoke; and Clara, in the midst of her weak horror at her own iniquity, felt a thrill of delight at thinking that she had prevented Mark from any devotion to this dangerous belle.

But still, although Mark believed of course that there was no hope of his ever arousing any interest in this peerless woman, he could not resist the attraction that drew him to her side. He lingered with Clara for a short time, but spent all the latter part of the evening in hanging over Gertrude's chair. There was a rare sympathy of thought and feeling between these two that at every new topic elicited a fresh pleasure in each other's society. The companionship of this polished and cultivated man of the world, was exceedingly agreeable to Gertrude, and without any fear of the future or dread of consequences, she showed her appreciation of it with a frankness that was irresistably attractive.

On the way home Clara was pouting again, and once more Mark tried to console her.

"My dear Clara, you must not find fault with me for any passing attentions to an agreeable woman."

"But, Mark, you have been so entirely devoted to me lately, that you have quite spoiled me."

"In this case, at le
jealousy, as there is
but friendship betwee
And the half sigh wit
the sentence, made C
little heart over her d

It so happened that
followed, threw Mark
Allen; and although h
a dangerous pleasure,
fascination that drew
was that in the course
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over him! better brea
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During all this ti
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"Which way are y

"To New York."

"Oh that is splen
care of her home. Th
you in town to wait o

He smiled at her
tainly, Clara, I will t
tres and operas as yo

But that afternoo
Allens' for a farewell,
and he thought with
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Gertrude Allen met
ing cordiality of mam
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away her dark eyes c
she could not conceal

"Then you regre
asked with a sudden,

"Indeed I do, Mr.

"Ah, Miss Gertrud
I would never have g

He murmured the
Gertrude raised her e
flush on her beautiful

"If you had met m

"Yes, you know no

Gertrude could thi
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Dale, and a look of
mobile features.

"Then why pain
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"Forgive me, Ge
petuously; "you do
ing."

"If I had known
saved us both much tr
a strange tremor in
talking folly—"

"No, no!" interru
you knew what comfo
me!"

She waved her ha
speak of this no mor
my best wishes for yo

"Thank you," he s
you what my prospec
marry before the six
am limited by my un
I can with half a mil
I can only half love."

"What, are you
months?" asked Gert

"In a little less t
marry in six month
this country, now no

Gertrude was ver
short courtship."

"Very; but could
me be content with so

"Oh yes; for your
would doubtless be th

Her tone was half
softness in her eyes t
the voice.

Mark looked at he
member these words,
good-bye."

For a moment thei
a firm pressure that
secret of each heart
turned abruptly away
hope in life was lef
from the woman he l

The next day Mark
from that time forwa
to her, partly because
because she was con
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always so glad to
him. As for asking
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dream forever of the

Thus matters stoo
had passed away. T
to spend the winter,
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engaged to her. M
it to be due to her
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and to think only of
he started one after
with the full intenti
dem.

It was about half-p
November day it wa
the Dales' heavily-c
servant opened the d
known visitor, left
He stepped quietly
and had seated hims
he heard Clara's voi
doors of the other p

"Indeed, mamma,
not propose."

"He must have s
other engagement, a

"I don't see how
tiahly.

…st, you have no cause for
…o possibility of anything
… Miss Allen and myself."
…h which Mark concluded
…ara rejoice in her foolish
…ception.
… a series of gayeties that
… very much with Gertrude
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… the many noble points in
… last awoke to the sudden
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…ne Mark had been very
…ttentive to Clara, so that
… desperately jealous of Ger-
…means given up the hope
…rself by patient devotion.
… that he was going away
…ave an absolute bound of
…bout to place himself be-
…s temptation.
…ou going, Mark?"

…did! there you will take
…t is delightful; I shall have
…n me."
…childish eagerness. "Ger-
…ake you to as many thea-
…l like."
…n, when he rode to the
… his heart was very heavy,
… deep sigh of the perverse
…im too late the woman he

… Mark with all that charm-
…ner that was so grateful to
…ld her that he was going
…louded with a look of pain

…t my departure?" Mark
… eager impulse.
…Everton."
…, if I had met you sooner
…one away!"
… words passionately, and
…ys to his with a sudden
…face—
…e sooner, Mr. Everton?"
…w it is too late!"
…nk of but one explanation
…he was engaged to Clara
… intense pain crossed her

…me, I had almost said in-
…as avowals?"
…trude," cried Mark, im-
…not know how I am suffer-

…his earlier it might have
…ouble," said Gertrude, with
… her voice. "But I am

…pted Mark eagerly. "If
…rt even these words gave

…d imperiously. "Let us
…. Mr. Everton, you have
…our future happiness."
…aid bitterly. "I can tell
…at are. I presume I shall
…months expire to which I
…ole's will, and enjoy what
…lon of money and a wife

…obliged to marry in six
…rude eagerly.
…than four now. I was to
… from the time I reached
…re than two months ago."
…y pale. "That makes a

… not a woman that loved
…me less?"
… make the shortest wooing
…e sweetest."
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…hat belied the coldness of

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… Miss Gertrude, and how

…r hands were clasped with
…might have conveyed the
… to the other, then Mark
…, and with a feeling that all
…e behind him, rode away
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…ook Clara to New York, and
…rd continued his attentions
… he really liked her, partly
…stantly exacting from him
…and partly because she was
…ee him and so devoted to
…er to marry him, he could
… this. He knew that she
…ept him at once, but the
…ing himself was intensely
…was still so wretched with
…e Allen haunting him per-
…n felt he would rather lose
…marrying, and be free to
… beauty he had lost.

…d when two months more
…he Allens had gone south
…and from his constant atten-
… friends supposed him to be
…rk himself began to feel
… that he should propose,
… a mighty resolution to
…f Gertrude's glorious eyes,
… his pretty little playfellow,
…oon for the Dales' house,
…am of giving up his free-
…ast four, but in the dark
…e already deep twilight in
…rtained drawing-room. The
…oor for Mark, and as a well
…him to announce himself,
…on the thick velvet carpet,
…lf in a dusky corner, when
…ss through the half-closed
…arlor.
… I can't think why he does
…me fancy or perhaps some
…e I have often told you."
…hat can be," said Clara pet-

"Was he not very devoted to Gertrude Allen?"

"Yes, rather so; but he will never think of her."

"Why not?"

"Because he supposes her to be engaged."

Mark started from his chair, and stood erect, listening breathlessly, eagerly.

"Why, what put that into his head?"

"Some one told him so—"

But the rest of the sentence was arrested on her lips, for Mark suddenly stood before her, pale and stern.

"You know who told me so, Miss Clara! and you have known all this time that the story was false?"

"I—I—" sobbed Clara, beginning to cry; "I did not think there was much harm."

"Harm," he repeated bitterly. "Foolish child, you do not know what suffering you have cost me!"

Mrs. Dale looked up in utter amaze. "What is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct, Mr. Everton?"

"I leave Clara to explain it to you, madam. I am truly glad that you have been no party to the cruel deception. I thank you for your many hospitable kindnesses, and bid you good morning!"

He turned away, and hurried out of the house! How could he fly fast enough to the woman he loved! The wealth that was to be his he longed for a thousand fold for her sake. On her he would lavish all the luxury that money could command, and even amidst all his anxiety he felt a wild thrill of the heart at the thought that Gertrude was free!

Only some five weeks in which to find her on some Louisiana plantation where she was visiting, to woo her, to win her, and to make her his bride! Steam seemed too tedious a conveyance, he would have been sent by telegraph could he but have converted himself into all the loving words he longed to pour out to Gertrude. For the next two weeks he was in a perpetual fever of impatience that only abated to leave him cold and trembling with fear of final failure, when at last he drove up to the rose-embowered porch of the low plantation-house. In his eager excitement Mark left the servant no time to announce him, but following close behind him stood suddenly in the presence of Gertrude Allen.

She started up with a cry of surprise as she saw who was before her, and he sprang forward and clasped both her hands in his.

"Gertrude, I love you! I love you! Tell me, is there any hope that you will be mine, or have I had my weary waiting, my long journey in vain?"

Gertrude was pale as Mark himself as she looked up and asked in utter amaze,

"Then you are free!"

"Free, my beautiful Gertrude, I have never been bound."

"Never engaged to Clara Dale?"

"No, indeed! but she told me you were engaged."

"I?"

"Yes, and I have been so wretched, but it is over now, darling, is it not? and you do love me a little."

The answer to this was not given in words, but it was none the less satisfactory to Mark. After a few moments he raised the blushing head from his shoulder to look in her glorious eyes as he said,

"And now, darling, we must be married at once!"

"Oh, Mark!"

"Yes, in two weeks from to-day, that is if you care to help me secure half a million."

"But, Mark, it is such a very short time."

"Short indeed, darling, but what did you tell me in that last wretched interview we had last summer. You said that the shortest wooing would be sweetest for my sake. There! you see I do not forget your words."

Gertrude laughed and blushed as she answered,

"I will do as you like, Mark, I am yours for ever!"

"And I shall have cause to thank my good uncle more than ever for the clause in the will that gives me so soon my lovely bride."

AFTER THE STORM.

The lingering storm clouds break away
Their trailing skirts of gloomy gray,
Tinged with the rosy flush
Of the sunset's deepening blush
At the close of day.

Every tree, and shrub, and flower,
Is crowned with a queenly dower
Of gems and diamonds bright,
That shed their crystal light
But for the hour.

The air is filled with the sweet perfume
Of the rose and the jasmine's bloom,
As its cooling breath floats by,
Bearing with its softest sigh
Some flow'ret's doom.

The blackbird whistles his evening lay,
And other birds on bough and spray
Join with their sweetest songs,
Which the echo repeats, prolongs—
Then dies away.

The light fades slowly from the west,
Each little bird has sought its nest,
And night with her sable pall
Darkly, calmly covereth all,
Proclaiming rest.

Thus, after sorrow comes the joy,
Yet not unmingled with alloy;
For the thought that it must end
Will surely with the gladness blend,
And half destroy. C. G.

A Sharp Jest.—"So I understand, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards of London with you," said O'Brien to him on the hustings of Westminster. "I am happy to have it, sir, on such good authority as one of the greatest of them," said Tooke.

A Truth for Tea-Drinkers.—Commercial intelligence from Shanghai lately announced—"Tea tending downward." Do you call that news? Why, of course, whenever anybody drinks tea he experiences its downward tendency.

Voluminous Thoughts.—"Can you read smoke, ma?" "What do you mean, child?" "Why, I've heard some men talk about a volume of smoke, and I thought you could read any volume."

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VERNET.

The Condor.

I have read somewhere in some recent publication a scrap of Natural History, professing to be a description of the Condor. Now I have no idea of joining issue with the writer of the article, either upon the Condor question or any other, but believing that in all we say and write with a view to educate and instruct youth and children, we ought to be particularly careful never to mislead or educate them in a wrong direction, I am sorry to see in print a description of the Condor so libellous that were the great bird a citizen of the United States and disposed to go to law he could certainly recover damages from the author.

Having had a personal and somewhat familiar acquaintance with the Condor for a considerable length of time, I should like to introduce the monarch of the mountains to the boys and girls and youth who read the *Saturday Evening Post*, as nearly as he is, as I know how.

The Condor, in his appearance and general habits, more nearly resembles the common Turkey Buzzard than any other bird, though there are many minor points of difference both in appearance and habits; besides the full-grown Condor of the Andes is as nearly as I can guess, quite fifteen times larger than the buzzard. I do not mean that he is that much taller or longer, or that his wings will cover a space equal to those of fifteen buzzards, but in bulk and weight he is equal to that difference in count.

In color, the Condor is a grayish black on the back and outer side of the wings, and about the neck and breast, fading to a dark, dirty ash color underneath, and within the wings—in short, he is so like the buzzard in color, that a full suit of that bird's clothes would serve to patch the Condor's old coat and match most admirably.

The Condor is not a vulture, as has been represented, rarely striking live animals of any description, not even a llama kid or an alpacha lamb, though he does at times bear the carcasses of small, dead animals to his eyry. But that is only to supply food for his young. He is too feeble of flight to bear a weight proportioned to his bulk any considerable distance; though standing on the earth, he is capable of doing stout battle, the strength of his beak, neck and great legs being immense.

Though by far the largest of all birds of flight, the Condor is notoriously the most cowardly. And in that respect he is a very buzzard. Why, one of the insignificant little Bolivian *jagonda*, no larger than a game-cock, will drive a half-a-dozen hungry Condors from their carrion feast at a double quick.

Though aspiring to high positions in the world, the ideas of the Condor correspond with those of other bipeds not clad in feathers. While seeking out high places, the highest seem to be far above his capacity. The assertion that his favorite haunts and home are in the very highest peaks of the towering Andes, is an error. Please to bear in mind that the highest peaks of the Andes thrust their hoary heads heavenward from five to six thousand feet above the line of perpetual snow, and from seventeen to twenty-one thousand above the level of the ocean. The Condor never makes his home up there—very rarely visits these higher regions. The *gisote*, and *gallina de monte* do sometimes, and they are the only birds who indulge in such practices, so far as I am aware.

The favorite haunts of the Condor are about the lesser peaks of the Andean range, at elevations from seven to ten thousand feet above the sea, and far below the snow line. Here he rears his young—always two at a birth—and from thence he makes his forays abroad, his favorite hunting-grounds being the lower valleys where cattle are abundant, and where from various casualities to which South American herds are always subject, the Condor almost always finds an abundance of food already slaughtered, and upon this carrion banquet he gorges himself to such an extent that sometimes for a whole week he is incapable of flight; and when newly stuffed, very frequently he is so stupid that he would not stir two steps out of your path to save his life and your own.

Frequently the Condor is met with in many of the passes of the Bolivian and Peruvian Coast Range, along the line of travel where often enough mules, llamas, and sometimes horses, fall and die from overwork, hunger and thirst, and in some of the passes the bleaching bones of animals, and sometimes men, mark the course of the barren trail for many miles. Here the Condor gorge shimself to his heart's content.

I have seen four great fellows, sullen and silent, tearing away at the carcass of a defunct mule, not fifteen yards from where we were cooking our cocoa and dried mutton, never regarding our presence in the least.

Not a Word of Comfort.

The keeper of a well-known eating saloon at the depot on a branch road running from the "Erie" north, was some years since, and is still, afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, several of his friends visited him, one at a time, and told him that unless he gave up drinking it would kill him. At last the doctor, by arrangement, said the same thing, and mine host began to cry, and said, "Jim has been here talking to me about drinking so much, and then Tom came, and after him Sam, and all [boo-hoo!] talking to me about drinking [boo-hoo,] and now you've come; and their isn't nary one of you that considers how dreadful *dry* I am!"

Stocks.—A son of the Emerald Isle, on being told that a friend of his had put his money into the stocks, replied—"Och, an' it's there ye are! Troth, an' I niver had a farthin' in the stocks: but I've had me brogues there oftener than I liked, sure."

A Blockhead.—"What a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block—ain't you, my boy?" "Yes, father, teacher said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

Ill Eagle.—Supposing the ornithological emblem of the United States was taken sick, why would it be contrary to law?—Because it would be *ill eagle* (illegal).

"Sally," said a young gent, preparing to take a snooze, "if anyone calls, tell them I'm gone." "Gone where, sir?" "Gone to sleep."

I KNOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I know he loves me, though no outward token
Of such as lovers give has ever made me know;
I know he loves me, though in word outspoken
Of such as lovers speak he never told me so.
Ah, yes! Although his darkly bright eye beaming,
Shines with no tender love-light which the world may see,
Still sitting by the window softly dreaming,
I know he loves me, and he's all the world to me.

I know it from the glad, sweet thoughts that hover
And sing their low and gushing song at even-tide;
I would not change my dark-eyed, silent lover,
To wear a coronet and be a prince's bride.
I know it, as the closed up flower bud sleeping
Knows that the sun will come again to-morrow morn,
Or lily in her heart a dewdrop keeping
Knows the rich dewdrop gives her joy and life new-born.

I know he loves me, though for that sweet knowing
He never gave me vow, nor plighted troth to me;
O there are thousand, thousand ways of showing—
I cannot tell, but all as sure as sure can be!
And may our Father ever, ever guide him—
My soul's dear morning star, wherever he may be,
For O! if aught of woe or ill betide him,
The blessed sun in heaven would shine no more for me!

THE "BEWITCHED" FARM.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEPREDATIONS.

If anybody should find the incidents of the following story hard to believe, I shall set the reproach down to the discredit of our modern novelists, who are fast educating the public into a foolish underrating of reality. They imagine occurrences wonderfully inferior in boldness and spirit to actual events; and still, by the superstition surrounding printer's types, impose them upon dull readers as daring conceptions. The result is, that if one relates a bit of real life, its superiority to fiction becomes a drawback and actual occurrences are disbelieved because they so exceed the utmost of what the slow wits can imagine. I will endeavor, as far as I honestly can, to keep this astonishing narrative down to the level of ordinary romance, but in the many instances where it may necessarily rise above those limits, the reader ought to make an effort.

Big Tom Treddock was—now, alas, too many years ago—my school-companion; and when we separated at the gates of that institution, it was with a mutual understanding that it was his destiny to enter the army, with a view to becoming a field-marshal in an unusually short period of time; but, strange to say, he had, instead, quietly married a second-cousin, and subsequently settled down in one of the eastern counties, at a place called Red Hill Grange, and there betaken himself to practising gentleman-farming on a rather large scale. He had often written me pressing invitations to visit him at his farm; and by way, I suppose, of special temptation, greatly occupied his lively epistles with exciting accounts of the plentifulness of game, which I thought slightly inconsistent with the other descriptions given of heavy crops. But if he had become an enthusiast on the subject of artificial composts, and was recklessly sinking a mint of money in steam-ploughs, I knew he would also retain a liking for seeing a partridge on the wing; so possibly, there was a chance of getting a shot or two after all. Besides, I was a little curious to know how Treddock had settled down into married life. I had gone with him, in bygone years, to the dentist's, and learned from his facial contortions what it was to have teeth drawn; when shampooing was first introduced, I had witnessed his heroic resignation in the awful hands of the operator; I had, in a word, profited by his example in a variety of ways, for he was two years my senior; why, then, should I not behold what change the marital state had worked upon him? I wrote, in answer to his last invitation, saying that he might look out for me at the village railway station on the following Thursday, by the 11.20 A. M. train. That letter was sent on the Monday preceding, which, of course, left plenty of time for a line from him in reply. No note, however, came. But I did not attach much importance to that, for I knew that when he asked me to visit him he really meant it; and as he was not at all a formal kind of person, the idea of assenting to any proposed arrangement might never have occurred to him. I also had a slight prior acquaintance with his wife, and I did not think that any difficulty had arisen in that quarter. Thursday morning accordingly found me leaving town in an early train, booked for Red Hill station, indulging a pleasant conviction in my mind, as we whirled along, that Tom Treddock's handsome red face would be about the first sight I should see on the platform. But a second disappointment awaited me, for on alighting at the little country station to which, it seemed, I was the only passenger, I neither found my friend nor any one representing him.

"O yes," said the dapper station-master, lowering the telegraph signal as the whizzing train again got into motion; "he knew Mr. Treddock very well. I meant Mr. Treddock at the Grange, for they had but one gentleman of that name; and he and all the rest about there wished there were more like him. At least, everybody did but some confounded rascal who had taken a spite against him for nothing; but it was to be hoped it would soon be found out who the villain was."

I asked for an explanation—what this latter rather mysterious statement meant.

"For the last three or four days," answered my companion, carefully wrapping up a signal-flag he held in his hand, "all kind of damage has been done about the farm, and they can't find out who it is does it. They keep a good watch, but it's of no use; somehow, they can't light on the rascal. Very likely," he added, "that is the reason Mr. Treddock hasn't come down to the station to meet you, if he was expecting you."

"No doubt, that was the reason," I said; "and very sorry I was to hear it; for I felt sure my friend had done nothing to merit treatment of that kind."

"It was quite the other way," the station-master replied; and he went on to give Treddock a most eulogistic character as he walked along by my side, kindly insisting on accompanying me past a certain turn in the road, from whence, he said, I could see the stacks belonging to the Grange on the crest of the hill. By-and-by, they came into view, and I protested against my companion going any further.

"I only hope the ricks won't be fired," he remarked, pointing in the direction of the white hillocks on the distant ridge; "that is the dodge which farmers' enemies generally try. It's so easy; just a match struck and put into the straw; and there isn't overmuch water at the Grange. I look for 'em the first thing every morning when I get up," he said dolefully, taking a fresh stare from under his raised hand in the direction of the stacks.

"Why, there is smoke!" I cried, quite alarmed, as a thin spiral of vapor went up, the light sky behind showing it plainly.

"That isn't from a stack, bless you. It doesn't go up in a curl like that; it is a cloud and a blaze in a minnit, when the straw is once alight, especially oats. I've seen it twice—once at Dimmock's, and then again at the Fire. That smoke is from one of the house-chimneys, so you'll be sure not to miss the way. I have a luggage-train due at 11.40, or I would have gone on as far as the bridge, because I am sure Mr. Treddock would have come down but for some reason."

I and the gossiping station-master then parted, he assuring me that my luggage should be brought up by the porter the minute that subordinate returned from doing some previous errand; and he added, that he hoped the lad would bring back better news from the Grange. This curious intelligence naturally not a little excited me, and I hurried along the path, which led me through well-cultivated fields for some three-quarters of a mile before I gained the top of the hill where the stacks stood in a cluster, as yet, I could now see, quite intact from the incendiary's torch. The large, red-bricked, many-gabled house then came in sight just below me, and I had merely to cross a yard, skirted by the out-buildings, to gain it.

"Three more are killed, Nell, and the old ewe is one of them. John has just carted 'em up from the bottom meadow." These were the first ominous words I heard on entering the yard; but angry as were the tones, I recognized in them my old friend's cheery voice.

Turning the angle of a barn, I came upon a little group, the central figure of which was Tom Treddock, broad and burly, looking in his plain, homely clothes the very picture of a British agriculturist. At his side stood a rather short, and somewhat stout young lady, whom I instantly identified as Mrs. Ellen Treddock; and around them, in different attitudes of amazement, bent a laboring-man, a boy, and a servant-woman. They were all too intently gazing in one direction, under a kind of cart-shed, to notice me; and as I approached unobserved from behind, I saw that they were, in wondering fascination, contemplating the carcasses of three sheep lying in a row under the shed.

"It's just the same sort o' a blow, right at the back o' the neck, as t'others got," said a second laboring-man, whom I now noticed standing beside the dead sheep, occupied just then in roughly wiping his redly-stained fingers among the wool, after examining the carcasses in the region of the head.

"Is more of this villainy going on?" I inquired, nearing the group.

"Is it you? I am ashamed nobody met you!" were good Tom Treddock's first words, griping my hand as in a vice, and smiling oddly through his anger and vexation.

"I am sorry you find us in this state. You must forgive us, Mr. Newcome," exclaimed his wife, whose eyes I could see were red with crying; and then, dashing away the tears, she gave me a greeting almost as hearty as her husband's, though a hysterical sob diversified it here and there.

"Come along into the house," interrupted Treddock, seizing my arm. "Never mind all this now," he added, glancing at his wife; and then he went on, turning to the servants: "Go down to the village, and tell the butcher there are three more for him to fetch. That's all. We shall catch the scamp sometime."

"You spoke as if you had heard something about it," added Mrs. Treddock, coming round to me, and recollecting, as it seemed, my first words.

"It isn't worth bothering about, now he is come," said Tom; "and you know," he continued, again grasping my hand, to leave no doubt of the welcome, "we are very glad to see you, though I was not at the station."

"But we shall have to tell Mr. Newcome all about it, to explain why you didn't write back, and why there was not anybody at the station," persisted his wife before I could answer.

"That's true. Why, the fact is," went on Tom, coming to a pause in the middle of the yard, "we were not expecting you. I know you won't be offended when you understand it. Nelly thought if I didn't write back, you would not start."

"Yes, but there was a reason for it," hurriedly put in the lady. "That sounds, Tom, as if I did not wish for the visit, which you know I did. It was only because things turned out so after you sent your letter; and I thought," addressing me, "you would not enjoy yourself as we could wish;" and she wound up with a hospitable blush.

"Just so; there is the point," said Treddock: "but we must laugh at it, Nell. We sha'n't be ruined yet; and my old friend here must think anything that happens is a joke;" and the big, honest fellow pretended to laugh. "We mustn't be in the blues, old chap, now you are come;" and he slapped me on the shoulder. "You won't mind going in by the short way, through the kitchen," he said, making for the back-door.

"I know about it," I at length got out, in answer to Mrs. Treddock's long-ago question, as we entered the house; "the man at the railway-station told me, so I understood a great deal too well why you were not there to meet me. Have you had an accident with the window?" I involuntarily asked, for at the end of the low, old-fashioned passage we had just entered from the kitchen, a large casement was partly hanging inwards, most of the panes in it shivered.

"Oh! it is only one of these jokes that somebody is playing us. It smashed in just after six this morning, before it was well light." And Treddock sent flying some of the fragments of glass from under foot with a kick, as he laughed again.

"But is it not sham injured a soul, and w anybody's head?" aske like, could not so pathy.

"Would not, I? O body and they shall then, as they are ha Treddock, to relieve h the door of the sitting- reached, with a blow o

I learned, in the co which followed, that ances began on the ev Treddock sent me his had continued ever s was the finding of thr yard dead, with their severed, as if the neck jagged instrument. O the fine mastiff dog, ke of the house, was disc length of his chain, b last gasp. He had be fore to give two or thr and in consequence of servant-girl had looked did not, it appeared, th the kennel; and it was afterwards that a wag dog stretched on the gr ing. The animal had of his misery, and the received his injuries al bark. It was to be much extraordinary o closely on the heels of the suspicions of the h quence of it, Treddock up all that night on th of thieves breaking i reasoning that the gett must indicate an inte no such attempt was found all safe, and the He was, however, aw hour, to receive the m of the cows was hopele field, having two of i hind one, both on th splinters. This affair along with the othe events, for there was the croft into which it in addition to that, th skin, showing that the ed by blows received o very was out of the q to be slaughtered. Cl footmarks, or for any were also instituted at down in the village, characters had been No information pointi any solution at all of obtained.

About noon on the t missed from a flock fe down, and they were a scattered about in a the aid of the butcher had all been killed out of some blunt instrume part of the head. So on the day of my ar (those I had seen an found in another field, exactly the same wa early as six o'clock whole household had den smashing in of t in ruins.

"Isn't it wicked?" dignantly, as she and narrative, the latter laugh the whole affair kind to everybody Thomas gives the high who lives at the Firs, and last Christmas I m cellent soup for the poo skimmed milk is give comes; and we never without either giving t them to a light job, strong." The good la with her handkerchief did I wonder at it, for angry in listening to th dignant at the actual e

"A very nice kind down for, old friend, a but we'll try and find well. They haven't k the head, nor netted hope," joked Treddock

"It is not poachers, this last hint. "Have for poaching?"

"Not for months, a anybody else," was the

"Yes, that makes i his wife. "But I re people do, in future; off. Though I cannot Baggalers, and there l now, and I took his ch when it had the scarle three poachers," she i head.

"In a mysterious ca just says whatever com out thinking if it is h the family—I mean, a laborers on the farm,

The reproachful loo them, and the simulta dear, no!" which ina idea of such ingratitu ble, made me feel ash the notion.

"Who *could* it be?" and she was beginnin their dependents, with the good disposition purpose of satisfying but her husband, faith the least of it, remin yet shown me the ba instantly forgot all t away to fetch the pr child, and premier gins.

"It is very queer a in a hollow whisper t left alone, and his fac he spoke. "I don't it, now you are come but I have done all I can't hit on a trace. in his chair, he cle attention to the strop nails driven in in that

eful, when we have not ould not hurt a hair of d his wife, who, woman- easily do without sym-

nly let me catch some- see! I'll have my joke ving theirs now." And feelings, knocked open room, which we had just f his big fist.

rse of the conversation, hese outrageous annoy- ning of the day on which last invitation, and they nce. The first incident e or four geese in the heads wholly or partly s had been cut by some the following afternoon, pt in a kennel at the end overed lying at the full eaten and bruised so his ed heard some time be- e sharp, whining barks; the affair of the geese, a out instantly. The girl en give any attention to not until some half-hour once observed the poor ound, moaning and bleed- o be shot to put him out supposition was that he the time he was heard to expected that a second occurrence, following so the first, should arouse ousehold; and, in conse- and a man-servant sat e hearth, in anticipation the house, my friend ing rid of the watch-dog ntion of that kind. But made; the gray dawn master went to his bed. akened in less than an pleasant news, that one sly crippled in the home- s legs, a fore one and a e same side, broken to could only be set down r previous inexplicable neither hole nor ditch in could have fallen; and, ere were bruises on the injuries had been inflict- n the outside. Its reco- uestion, and the cow had ose search was made for other clue, and inquiries the adjoining farms, and whether any suspicious seen about the district. ng to the offender, nor the mystery, was to be

hird day, five sheep were ding in one of the mea length discovered lying hollow; and in this case was not required, for they ight, each one by a blow nt delivered on the back newhat earlier than this, rival, three more sheep der she shed) had been having been treated in ; and before that, so the same morning, the been startled by the sud- he window I had noticed

asked Mrs. Treddock in- Tom finished their joint nce more pretending to off. "We have been as as it is possible to be. eat wages; Mr. Jenkins, ays we give too much; ade twelve gallons of ex- r villagers. Nearly all the away to anybody who turned a beggar back, hem relief, or else putting if they were young and dly finished this statement pressed to her eyes; nor I had myself grown as e recital, as she was in- vents.

of sport you have come nd I hope you'll enjoy it; some of the other sort as nocked all the hares on the last of the birds, I

is it?" I inquired upon you prosecuted anybody

nd I wink at it more than reply.

so vexing," interrupted ally would do as other I would not let anybody think it is either of the but Davis beside them uld some preserves myself ins. We have but those nformed me, shaking her

s like this," said I, "one es into one's head, with- ely. It can't be any of ny of the servants, or the can it?"

k I received from each of nsous exclamation, "Oh, ued from both, as if the de was perfectly incredi- armed of having hinted at

" inquired Mrs. Treddock; g to recapitulate a list of anecdotical instances of of each, no doubt for the my wicked conscience; ful to his plan of making ded her that she had not by. At that mention, she he disasters, and hurried odigy; he was their first babies are always prodi-

ltogether," said Treddock o me, as soon as we were e seemed to grow pallid as like to bother you about down for a bit of a run, could to find it out, and I See"—and leaning back vated his boots, directing g soles—"we have all got pattern, the girls as well as the men and the lads, everybody but Nell. I had the village shoemaker up on purpose the day before yesterday."

"In order to know the footprints of those belonging to the farm from others?" I asked, for I saw that rows of superfluous nails were arranged in a kind of diamond pattern.

"Yes, but I can't find a single footmark; it is that which staggers me. But Nell is coming back," he said, as the maternal voice made itself heard in the distance, talking to baby in the customary crowing dialect. "Don't say anything before her. I try to make nothing of it when we are talking, but I wish she and the child were at her mother's. I should not care much what came then; it would find me a match for it." Big Tom Treddock, I knew, was no coward, but the good soul was afraid of some mysterious disaster involving his wife and the baby.

"I am very glad I am come down, Tom," I hastily answered, "since it is just possible I may help you. Two heads, they say, are better than one; and I shall like the sport of hunting out this villain better than even shooting partridges."

"Thank you, old fellow," murmured Treddock, with flashing eyes, leaning across the hearth, and shaking my hand. "But let it drop now: she is here."

Mrs. Treddock had clean forgotten all annoyances in gazing into baby's blue eyes; and scarcely the renewed sounds of crashing windows, or the sobs of further expiring sheep, would at that moment have distracted her attention. Master Charlie Treddock, I may freely say, even allowing something for the prejudice of my friendship for his parents, was a charming little fellow for his time of life, and I thought his father was not without some justification for wishing him out of the possibility of harm's reach. The young gentleman was pleased to strike up a friendship for me forthwith, and the occasion was rendered memorable for the remainder of his mother's existence, by his giving a clutch at my beard, and uttering a sound to me unintelligible, but which the good lady confidently asserted was, "How do?" She was quite overcome by the circumstance, for he had not articulated to that extent before; and as not even his sire seemed to be sufficiently impressed with the wonder of the thing, she hurried away again in great excitement to communicate it to the female domestics, among whom a triumphant chuckling, as we could hear from a great distance, was at once set up. All troubles were lost sight of in this glorious achievement, and I myself began to take a vague pride in the affair, for it was a kind of joint transaction between baby and me. Mrs. Treddock became quite gay, Tom grew almost cheerful, and the conversation entirely changed in its character.

They dine very early in the country, even gentlemen-farmers. One o'clock was the hour at Red Hill Grange, and our chat soon brought us to that time. Mrs. Treddock lost a little of her spirits on the serving of the meal, lamenting that she had not known I was coming, and making more apologies for the absence of dainties than the well-furnished board rendered necessary. But the journey had given me a famous appetite, and, possibly influenced by my feats as a trencherman, she lost this new trouble by-and-by, and the meal passed very pleasantly. A bottle of specially old port was subsequently produced, in honor of my visit, and we had just broken the seal and drawn the cork, when a shrill scream was heard in the direction of the kitchen, instantly succeeded by a great hubbub of female voices. We stared blankly into each other's faces.

"There's something else," shouted Treddock, flinging the corkscrew upon the table with a bang, and starting up in his chair as the door of the room opened.

"Please, Tom Jackson says as he's found the owd haydrick just push'd o'er," said a wide-eyed dairymaid, mechanically wiping the curd off her arms with her apron.

"The yard isn't a fire?" demanded Treddock in a roar, hurrying across the room.

"I dunno," was the doubtful answer.

"Lord save us! What is to be done?" moaned Mrs. Treddock, as she and I followed her husband, who dashed past the girl and made for the back premises.

But the stack-yard was not on fire, nor did it present any very alarming appearance. Tom Jackson, a white-haired urchin, was pointing rather theatrically to a kind of skeleton of a hayrick, which lay on the ground instead of standing upright, and vociferating to his master that it was not in that condition an hour before, when he went away to dinner. Treddock carefully examined the fallen hay, but did not make many remarks, and his wife, who seemed much relieved to find that this was the extent of the disaster, went back again into the house. The remains of the rick, judging from its appearance as it lay, must, when standing upright, have had the look of one corner of a dilapidated house left behind in some dismantling process; and its tumbling suggested nothing alarming to me, for I should have fancied that a puff of wind would have sent it over at any time.

"Wet the stacks again," was Treddock's evasive remark, in reply to an observation from me to that effect, addressing the order to the lad, who instantly fetched from somewhere in the vicinity the nozzle-end of a gutta-percha pipe, and turning a cock, began to throw water on the oat and wheat stacks. "It will be sure to injure them," my friend went on, turning to me; "but there is no knowing now what may happen, and so once every hour I have them damped. They wouldn't burn so quickly. Go round to the other side; and if you leave the yard again before somebody else comes in, I'll settle with you," he said to young Jackson; whereupon that youth instantly hobbled out of sight and hearing.

"It can't have been the wind, for there isn't enough to blow a handful of chaff away; and, besides, it comes from the wrong side," remarked Treddock, in answer to my previous observation. "The rick has gone over that way," he added, and then he put up his open hand to indicate that the soft wind only just breathing, blew from the exactly opposite quarter. I saw at once that I was mistaken in my off-hand guess. "Nor it isn't the props that have given way—the biggest is still standing, and the others have gone with the rick—see;" and he pointed from one to another of some pieces of wood that had supported the hayrick. "It has been pushed over," he oracularly concluded in the previous hollow whisper, and then he began looking carefully about on the ground, which I now noticed was covered with a white dust.

"Has it done much harm?" I asked, for he seemed to be very serious about the matter.

"No, this isn't much; but it is one more affair like all the rest. That footmark is yours, I know, though it hasn't got a diamond. Just put your foot down in a fresh place. Those marks are mine, and these are the lad's. Nell's slippers only came there," he continued, rapidly glancing about the enclosure. "Ah," he said, with a half-vexed sigh, as I made a fresh impression of my foot on the white dust, "I knew it was your mark. It is that that puzzles me most;" and he thrust his hands into his hair till it stood up all ways, in sign of his perplexity. "How could anybody come to the rick and go away again, without leaving footprints?"

This was a question I could not answer. I could only examine the ground for myself, and shake my head dumbly.

"It is lime," Treddock said, kicking the white dust; "and you can see it shows everything. Those little scratches are marks where the hens have been; and that horseshoe print is from Nell's new mare's feet. I have used two or three bushels of it, and had it scattered about the gates leading into the fields and everywhere; but there isn't the trace of a footmark beside our own. How can that be? That is the thing I want to know," he repeated, with just a little expression of scare on his face. "If it was only noises, I should think the place was haunted—I should, upon my word; though you must not mention that to Nell;" and he laid his broad hand on my arm. "But ghosts don't kill sheep with blows, nor beat dogs to death."

"No, it isn't a ghost which has pushed the rick over, if it has been upset," I said as cheerfully as I could; for the mystery of the affair, I confess, was beginning to have a little effect upon me. "But you have not shown me over the place yet," I added, trying to be brisk.

"We'll look at it now," he rather lugubriously answered, walking away. We, however, wanted our hats, which had been forgotten in the previous hurry; and, going first into the house to procure them, Treddock apprised his wife of what we were intending, and then we set out to survey the farm.

It was a large holding, and everything appeared to be done in a severely scientific manner, and upon a proper scale. Treddock again partly recovered his spirits in pointing out to me, with pride, how clean the hedge-bottoms were; the irrigating contrivances he employed for making the most of their rather scanty supply of water; how free the grasses were from burdock and colt's-foot; and went on to talk most learnedly of subsoil drainage, deep ploughing, chemical manures, the rotation of crops, and the stall-feeding of stock. It was only at the entrance of the fields, where around every gate, both within and without, had been plentifully dusted the white lime, that he grew solemn; and there he never failed to show me that no trace of a footprint prior to mine could be found which did not leave the mark of nails arranged in a diamond. Treddock seemed as badly perplexed from the want of a footprint as did Robinson Crusoe with the one he got. We came, here and there, upon the farm-laborers, busily at work; but Treddock told me they were stationed where they could watch as well as labor; and that it was scarcely possible for anyone to approach the house from any quarter without being seen by some of them. I learned that I had myself been observed, and, as I was led to infer, not without a little suspicion, when I arrived in the forenoon. Negative answers were invariably given to my friend's inquiries; no strange persons had been seen about the place. The workmen looked like jolly fellows, not of the sort to indulge in malice of this kind, and the terms they appeared to be on with their master seemed very satisfactory; while, to judge from their manner when alluding to the sheep found dead that morning, they felt equally indignant with himself at this style of doings; and any offender who fell into their hands was not unlikely, according to some of their remarks, to receive rough treatment.

Treddock showed me the field in which the animals had been killed; and certainly it was difficult to see how any miscreant could have escaped being seen either in approaching or in retiring, even if not caught in the act, for men were at work all around the meadow; and the fences there, as all over the farm, were kept very low. Really, it was most mysterious, and I could not help my thoughts now and then suggesting that the enemy must be among the men themselves, however innocent they all looked, but I did not mention that idea again to Treddock. As we rambled about, Tom showing me where he was lightening this soil by burning it, and making that stiffer by ploughing clay in with it, we occasionally startled a covey of plump partridge, and once or twice a hare dashed away from our side. We also came upon a few rabbits, which my companion treated with great disrespect, declaring they were the pest of a farmer's life, promising them traps, ferrets, diggings-out, shootings, and I know not what. The prospects of sport were altogether decidedly better than I had anticipated, if it had not been for the perturbing affair of these malicious depredations, which put thoughts of mere pleasure out of the question. But for all that, Treddock persisted in saying I should ride with him to the meet of the hounds the next morning, which, it appeared, was fixed to take place not very far distant. I was but a light-weight, he said, and his wife's new mare, a recent purchase, on which I could see he plumed himself much, would carry me nicely. I answered that we must see how matters went on betwixt that and morning, for I should not be satisfied if I did not in some way help in finding out the puzzle of these queer doings. He was not going to have all the pleasure of my visit spoiled in that way, he vowed; and if Nell and the child were away, he would not care much, for he had not done badly the last year, and the rascals, whoever they were, could not easily ruin him.

"They want me back at the house," he rather nervously said, looking intently in the direction of the farmstead, as we finally emerged from a little plantation into which he had taken me to show me a small preserve of pheasants he was raising by hand-feeding. "The flag, as I call it, is out of the window. When I am out in the fields, and am wanted, that is the signal;" and as he spoke, he quickened his pace. A white streamer of some kind (perhaps the half of the window-curtains) was visible floating outside a casement in an upper gable of the Grange.

"Nothing fresh is amiss, I hope?" I could not resist saying.

"No, I think not, or else they were to let a gun off," he answered, taking huge strides across the broken soil. "But Nell is such a good creature, and she would not like to frighten us for a little thing," he added, breaking into a trot, in trying to keep up with which I nearly dislocated my ankles.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

On arriving at the Grange, we were both reassured to find that the only reason for hoisting the signal of recall was the arrival of the parish constable, who, having heard of the fresh damage, had come up to make further inquiries, and to again offer his assistance, which Treddock, however, did not seem to appraise very highly. We found the rustic official comfortably eating and drinking in the kitchen. He was a little wizened old fellow, and could scarcely have taken a lamb into custody, if it had made any resistance. It appeared that he taught a school down in the village, and had something to do with the church choir and the bell-ringers, as well as being constable. Treddock related what had happened that day, the smashing of the window before light, the finding of the dead sheep, and the subsequent tumble-down of the hay-rick. The constable shook his head, and looked very wise, but he had no suggestion to offer, and seemed quite as perplexed as any of us who were not constables. We went from the kitchen into the stack-yard, and there we found Tom Jackson still on guard, with the water-pipe in hand. Once more all the foot-prints there, and, subsequently, those at the entrance of the outer yard, were carefully examined, but again no discoveries were made. We then returned into the house, to scrutinise the broken window.

"This was knocked in wi' two blows—one here, an' the other over on that side," decisively pronounced the constable. It did seem to be so, for the lead had been broken through, as well as the glass shivered in two places, about on the same level, and some eighteen inches apart.

"Nobody heard but one crash," said Treddock.

"Ah, that may be, that may be," wisely answered the official, shaking his head; he was not going to relinquish this happy discovery.

"The blows might have been struck together—at once?" I suggested.

"Exactly. That was what I meant," said the crafty old fellow, his eyes twinkling.

"Then there must be two of them, or else the rascal can use one arm just as well as the other," remarked Treddock skeptically; and after glancing round, as if to see that his wife was not within hearing, he dolefully added:—"But what about there being no footsteps? There was no line under the window, I know; but nobody could come into the yard, or go out of it, without leaving marks behind them."

"Well, you see you hadn't got a dog, but I have brought you one," replied the constable evasively. "Old Dixon's son Jim, for all the parson says, will keep dogs, an' I've borrowed this one from him till you get another. I turned him into the kennel, an' he seemed to settle down nicely. It's a part bull-breed, so if he pins anybody, he's bound to hould 'em."

"Thank you; I'm glad you have brought him up," said Treddock: "but I can't see that a dog has anything to do with there being no footprints."

"Mebbe not, mebbe not; only it's clear it was done wi' two blows; an' as they would want their hands for that, they must ha' had feet as well," chuckled the old man.

Treddock made no answer, but led the way back through the kitchen towards the kennel, where the borrowed dog was snarling viciously at a couple of female servants, who were at a safe distance, reconnoitering this new arrival. He gave voice loudly on our nearer approach; and being big-headed and strong-limbed, as well as noisy and fierce-looking, seemed really promising.

"Why, what is the matter with Bob yonder?" inquired Treddock, as we turned about to leave the kennel, nodding, as he spoke, towards a heavy-heeled cart-horse, then standing backed close up against the wall, in a corner of the yard near to the drinking-trough, his huge head drooping down to his knees.

Bob gave his monstrous head a slight shake as we drew near, and red drops were visibly scattered by the jerk, while the animal's strong frame instantly shivered with a spasm of pain. My friend, his master, at this sight, burst out into a fit of wrath, his indignation at the ill-usage of the patient brute overmastering his other feelings. Inquiries were at once made; but all that could be learned was that, about a quarter of an hour before, Bob, who had been at work in the fields, had been brought up and put into the stable, from whence, it was to be supposed, he had, in the absence of the man while chopping some feed in the loft, wandered out to the trough to drink, and had there been thus brutally maltreated, although nobody appeared to have heard the slightest unusual noise. The water-cistern was close to the wall, and any one, from the top of it, might have reached to the horse with a weapon; but no traces of foot-marks could be met with, either on the mossy stones of the wall, or upon the ground outside. Searchers ran to the top of the hill, and hurried off in other quarters, but no one was to be seen. This affair, like all the others, was wrapped in mystery.

"Don't let your missus know till I tell her," said Treddock, addressing the open-mouthed group. "Is her mare all right, I wonder?" he asked at a sudden recollection. "Get some warm water, and bathe Bob;" saying which, he hurried across the yard towards the stables.

In a minute or two, he reappeared, leading a black horse, which arched its neck and pawed the ground in the most dainty manner. We were soon all about it, making close examination. The mare was shaking a little, as if she had been startled; but she was uninjured; and she was a beauty. I had never seen a more perfect animal. Perhaps she was a trifle slight it build; but for a lady's riding, nothing could have been better. Poor Bob, the cart-horse, envious at the general praises we were indulging in, lashed out a hind-leg as he was being led past before being bathed, and made it a very narrow escape from spoiling the mare's beauty and usefulness together by breaking her ribs. This lost him a great deal of sympathy, for the mare was in favor with everybody; but it at least brought back the talk to his case, and to the alarming contingencies to which that last affair seemed to point. Treddock ordered the man to whom he handed over the mare not to quit the stables until somebody relieved him, and said one of the men must sleep in the loft at night. On his way back to the house, he appealed almost triumphantly to me and the discomfited old constable as to what we thought of this fresh occurrence. I could hint at no explanation; and the legal functionary seemed nearly overwhelmed by the circumstance of its having happened while he was present upon the premises.

The news of poor Bob's ill-treatment was broken as gently as possible to Mrs. Treddock, who had been engaged in the house with baby. All her feelings were freshly, and even still more vehemently aroused by this later outrage; and in the end the black mare had to be once more brought out, to quiet its mistress's apprehensions about its safety. Eventually, when the excitement had again toned down a little, it was arranged that the constable should return to the Grange later in the evening, and remain there all night, with a sturdy wagoner for his watch-companion; for Treddock, who had lost his own rest partially on the previous nights, reiterated his intention of taking me to the meet of the hunt next day, and, on that account, would not hear of my "sitting" up, and also said that he himself must have some sleep, or he should not be fit to follow the hounds. His wife was brave enough to support his plan, and overbore all my objections to the arrangement, saying how unhappy it would make her as well as Treddock, if I did not enjoy myself, now that I had come. She seemed, too, very much pleased that I was going to try her new horse next day. The puzzled old constable shambled away on his visit to the village; and after tea, baby's tranquillising influences again came into play; and we all seemed to settle down into that sort of patient quiet, which, I should say, the inhabitants of a beleagured place, in a momentary expectation of being attacked, experience. Early in the evening, the old constable returned, making a rather ostentatious display of a newly-painted staff, to which he appeared to attribute some kind of magical powers. Supper over, quite a party of us, the constable, Treddock, myself, and two or three of the men, made the round of the place, finding all safe. A man was left to sleep in the stable-loft, another in a corn-chamber over-looking the stack-yard; and, as the last proceeding, a burly young fellow, whose strength of muscles was likely to make up, in case of need, for the constable's want of it, was stationed along with that old fellow in the kitchen. I thought the constable looked rather pale, but we left him standing on the hearth, before a blazing fire, pretending to smile confidently, and keeping the rather gaudily-adorned staff in pretty prominent view.

We all retired at an hour earlier than usual, even for the Grange, owing to our intended hunting expedition in the morning. Treddock, upon showing me to my old-fashioned bedroom, placed a loaded carbine at my bed's head, saying mildly that it was charged only with duck-shot, and as they would be sure to scatter well, I need not be afraid of letting fly with it, in case of any emergency arising. He was himself provided in his chamber, he explained, with a double-barrelled gun, containing full charges of sparrow-shot; but a final allusion he made to the inexplicable absence of footprints on all occasions, intimated that he had little hope of the mystery being solved, even by means of these formidable preparations. All these matters were so different from the expectations with which I had set out on my journey, that they were considerably disturbing, and I did not sleep well; more than once, I started up, and stared about the moon-lighted chamber, fancying I heard an alarm raised; but they were half-dreamings of mine, and when, at last, I was effectually startled by the presence of Treddock's white figure at the side of my bed, in the gray dawning, he informed me that all was well. On our going down stairs, this happy prognostication was confirmed by the sight of the old constable and the young wagoner peacefully dozing opposite each other, in the blinking light of a neglected night-lamp, the representative of the terrors of the law still having his staff in hand. So far as we could infer, the only alarm they had experienced was that they were then undergoing from our sudden entrance unexpectedly aroused them. A similarly satisfactory report was received from the man in the stable, and also from his fellow in the corn-loft, and a hasty survey of the premises showed us that all was really safe. The old constable seemed disposed to take the whole of the credit of it to himself, at which Treddock only laughed, and then quite cheerfully conveyed the news up-stairs to his wife. One by one, the servants made their appearance, and soon the house was all astir. Breakfast was hurried on, and the horses were ordered to be got ready. The out-door laborers began to arrive, and all seemed delighted to hear the satisfactory intelligence that no further damage had been done. Inside the house and out was a scene of merry bustle, and I was quite entertained by the novelty of this early-morning picture of rural life. Treddock resolutely refused to don his hunting-garb, because I too could not assume the scarlet; we must keep a bit in the rear of those in uniform, he said, that was all the difference it would make. At length, we were told the horses were ready, and Mrs. Treddock's pleasant voice from somewhere at the top of the stairs wished us a good day's sport. It seemed baby had been wakeful during the night, and the maternal eyes needed to close again a little. At the door, we found the horses champing their bits, and pawing. My friend had a strong bright bay horse, just suited to his weight; and the black mare allotted to me, barring a slight fear I had that she was rather too fresh for my riding, looked in capital trim.

"How is it the dog isn't barking? I have not heard him lately," said Treddock, suddenly pausing with one foot in the stirrup-iron.

"I heard him when we first went across to the outhouses," I said.

"So did I, but he is quiet now. He can't have got used to the yard by this time? Go to the kennel," he added in a curious tone to the man standing by the horses' heads, and he at the same time shouted for the constable.

"The dog is stiff enough, right at the end o' th' chain," shouted the pale-faced ploughman, running back from the direction of the kennel.

"I felt sure he was," said Treddock, turning a white visage to me. "Constable, the fresh dog is done for!" he continued, as that worthy came blinking up, fresh from before the kitchen fire.

"O no! he canna be. I heard him just now," the old man incredulously replied, hobbling away towards the kennel. We walked our horses on to that corner, and there, plainly enough to be seen, the brute lay dead and stark.

"A blow on the head?" asked Treddock, as if foreseeing the answer.

"Why, his skull is smashed! There's a hole I could put my three fingers in!" exclaimed the astounded old man.

"Can you stop at the house with the women while we are away, constable? We shall be back soon after noon," remarked Treddock.

"But he is quite warm yet," mechanically said the constable.

"Do you hear me? Can you stop?" shouted Treddock, losing temper.

"Yes, I'll stop," was the slow answer.

"And let the men keep about the house. Tell 'em to never mind t
back, for I'll go now, if
the place was killed. O
and the child. Come a
rse, his blood fairly up
saddle, he pulled his h
away at a gallop.

"I won't go. We m
place ourselves," I was
only got a word or t
had dropped her he
proached her nose to th
that moment she su
nearly throwing me, for
ed. In a sort of fright
beat the poor animal's
feet, and I had great diff

"She's scared at it
"Take her away, or she

"Come!" shouted Tr
the distance. "If you

"He won't come bac
said that," put in the
my rein, he struggled,
mare away, her excitem
brought her to a stand-
and beckoned to the co

"You keep an eye o
been killed since they
heard it when we wer
whispered to him.

"I know, I know," h
what he no doubt mean
and as the mare again
gate, I left him rollin
about on his shoulders,
that he had thought o
I was soon in the lane
I urged him to go back
tion he pushed on all t
refused to talk at all
that he would say was
day, his wife and chil
the Grange, until the
way or other; adding
cease regretting how a
to him had been spoil
which I protested stron
see, ineffectually.

It would be nothing
to describe the fox-hun
found a strong muster,
were two or three frien
heard something of th
at his farm. They wer
sympathy and their su
not very communicat
generally shortened t
text. After one false
a merry run, and after
startled and killed; bu
Treddock or I make a
death. He could have
to leave me behind, fo
a tumble in each run,
part of it was, that I c
why they should occu
like a bird, and took
but suddenly she went
she landed after toppi
three feet high, and t
had a precisely simila
an open field, where t
her fetlocks. They w
stumbles; that is to
but went down with a
as they say camels kn
examined her legs, but
a hair in the process,
was not so much as
second time, as I w
felt her hot breath o
startled to find her op
my face, with a sna
that she had quite lo
casions, fortunately,
almost close by my s
loose and away.

"I can't understand
time, looking very g
fair enough. I hope
and it is a good job N

In this way it happe
with indifferent honor
day—a matter which
evidently on my accou
these curious inciden
enjoyed the sport, for
Treddock very freque
and when we got into
riding homewards, ma
ing horses, as if desir
own riding. Things w
quarter of a mile, wh
had passed through
dock was turning in
latch, down went the
fashion; and being t
got a very ugly fall.

"Her knees are bro
ed, scrambling up, a
went back to her.
on either leg! "I n
that before," he said
ment at me.

I said that I never
witnessed the whole p
exactly what it was li
periences. He remou
two hundred yards fu
same scene was re-ena

"Stop, Treddock!"
my horse round as hi
went close up, and w
tips of the mare's ea
secret! At the first t
was instantly up again
periment, with just th

"Why, it is a tri
her!" roared Treddo
position in the middle

"That is it, certai
answered. "I was loo
touch her ears; and
that mine did so whe

Treddock tried the
certainly as the whip
so surely the mare to
wards, then went dow
recover herself, almo
touching the ground w

"I can never trust
this," groaned Treddo
vidence that we have
thing unlucky is co
think! I fancied I ha
veterinary surgeon fel
stables was a thief no
knew she was for a la
hear about it. I'll pu
sure I don't touch her
sticking it into his
the mare's ears closel

he field-work till I come
every head o' stock on
nly let them mind missus
long!" said Treddock to
; and leaping into the
orse round, and dashed

ust stop and mind the
intending to say, but I
re of it out. The mare
d, and gradually ap-
e dead dog, and just at
ddenly leaped forward,
I had previously mount-
ened rage, she began to
remains with her fore-
iculty in keeping my seat.
," said the constable.
'll throw you."
eddock's angry voice in
don't, I'll go myself."
k, I am sure, now as he's
ploughman; and seizing
t some risk, to turn the
ent still continuing. I
still some distance away,
nstable.
the men; that dog has
began to come, for I
re having breakfast," I

e vaguely answered, with
t for a sagacious wink;
darted forward for the
g his empty old head
as if wishful to intimate
f my hint hours before.
alongside Treddock, and
; but upon that sugges-
he faster, and stubbornly
of this last affair. All
, that, on the following
l should assuredly leave
matter was settled one
that he should never
l the pleasure of my visit
ed; a conclusion against
ngly, but, as I could easily

to the present purpose
t. At the cover-side we
and among those present
ds of Treddock, who had
e malicious damage done
re profuse alike with their
ngestions; but Tom was
ive on the subject, and
he talk under some pre-
ecent, we got well off for
rwards a second fox was
t on neither occasion did
respectable finish at the
done so if he had chosen
r, shameful to say, I had
, and the most annoying
ould not make out how or
r. The black mare went
rasping fences with ease;
down like a shot, just as
ng a wall not more than
hen, the second time, we
r mishap in the middle of
he grass did not reach to
ere not falls so much as
say, she did not plunge,
rocking motion, exactly
eel. We both anxiously
she did not seem to turn
and by equal good luck I
bruised; although, the
as picking myself up, I
on my shoulder, and was
en jaws within an inch of
rling expression, showing
ost temper. On both oc-
Treddock happened to be
ide, and she did not get

l it," he said, the second
rave. "You were riding
he doesn't do that often;
fell was not on her."
ned that we both came off
in the hunting-field that
again galled Treddock,
nt, not his own. Only for
s, I should have greatly
it was a beautiful country,
ally scrutinized the mare,
a green lane, as we were
de some pretext for chang-
ous of testing her by his
went on well for perhaps a
een, immediately after we
a gate, and just as Tred-
his saddle to resecure the
mare in exactly the old
aken unawares Treddock

oken this time!" he shout-
d rubbing himself as he
No, there was not a mark
ever saw a horse fall like
, staring in fresh wonder-

did, for though I had not
process this time, I knew
te from my own recent ex-
nted, but we had not gone
rther before precisely the
oted.
I shouted, and wheeling
s animal rose unassisted, I
ith my whip brushed the
rs. I had found out the
ouch, down she went. She
; and I repeated the ex-
e same result.
k somebody has learned
ck from a half-recumbent
of the road.
nly, and nothing else," I
king, and I saw your whip
hen it flashed across me
she fell in the field."
manœuvre himself, and as
touched a hair of her ears,
ocked forward, then back-
n, but somehow seemed to
t, as it appeared, without
rith her knees.
Nell on her back after
ck; "and it is quite a pro-
found it out. But every-
ning upon me at once, I
d a splendid bargain. The
low that had her in his
s to tell me of it, and he
dy's riding. But he shall
t my whip away, to make
unknowingly," he added,
ost-pocket, and watching
y.

Here was another circumstance not to be abruptly communicated to Mrs. Treddock, for it seemed she had taken a great fancy to the mare. Tom, however, stated that it would be impossible to break the animal of the trick, now it had once acquired it; and supposing that we found no new disasters at home, he promised the veterinary-surgeon in the neighboring town, from whom he bought the mare, a lively visit on the morrow, engaging me to accompany him. The creature went right enough so long as her ears were not touched; and at the end of what ought to have been a more pleasant ride, along field-paths, and through country lanes, we safely arrived at the Grange between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Treddock and all the rest greeted us with bright looks, for there had not been a single mishap, subsequent to the mysterious death of the second dog before we started. As for the old constable, he had quite rallied, and was again in the very finest possible feather, plainly assuming that it was his authoritative presence as the functionary of law and order which had insured this state of safety. Dinner, of course, had been put off, awaiting our return, and we had brought back with us hunters' appetites; but the enjoyment of the meal was rather spoiled by having, in recounting the morning's sport, to evade Mrs. Treddock's inquiries for full details as to the behavior of her mare. I praised the animal's easy going and her fine leaps, but did not mention her falls; and for my reticence, Tom Treddock drank to me with his eyes over the rim of his glass in taking embarrassed draughts of porter.

My friend and I, soon after dinner, made a complete circuit of the farm, and all was found as it should be; the legs of the cows were not broken, no more sheep had been prematurely slaughtered, and poor Bob was still the only horse with a broken head. We rambled on down the lane, past the church, into the village, which I found was a pretty ancient-looking place, and underneath its thatched roof I could hardly bring myself to believe that malice such as that evidently afoot at the Grange could find a dwelling. Everywhere, as I was proud to see, my friend was received with respect and deference. Some of the older people talked with him about the injuries done at the farm, and all seemed indignant and sympathetic. He had a short interview, by the gable of Dixon senior's cottage, with Dixon the younger, the owner of the bull-dog which that morning had so strangely come to an untimely end; and as the conversation finished, the chink of money passed between them, and the grinning rustic finished by inquiring whether he should bring his other dog up to the Grange—seeming quite willing that it, too, should be knocked on the head at the same liberal tariff of compensation. Treddock, however, decisively answered in the negative.

"Dogs are of no use when there are no footsteps," he vaguely said to me, as we strolled away on our return-walk; and it was easy to see that although, in talking with the villagers, he had pretended to believe that it was all over, he still had a secret misgiving that the end of the disasters had not yet been reached. This conviction was clearly brought out when, in our chat on the hearth that night, he suggested to his wife that she and the baby should go away by rail on the following morning to her mother's, some sixty miles away, and should remain there for a few days. Mrs. Nelly, however, indignantly scouted the idea of such a thing when they had a guest in the house, and baby reassuringly crowed defiance at all dangers. The plan seemed to break down at the outset; still Treddock was not contented. The constable had been set at liberty from further attendance immediately upon our return, but he was determined, he valorously said, to make a finish of the business, and accordingly he himself insisted on remaining at the Grange a second night. The evening wore quietly on, and after supper time a bed of a make-shift kind was made up for the constable in the kitchen, and again the stable and the corn-loft had each a guardian occupant. Treddock, as gravely as before, brought the yeomanry carbine to my chamber, and then marched off with the other double-barreled weapon to his own room. The moonlight poured in through the small panes of my window, making a network of shadows on the curtains, which I lay admiringly watching for some time; but following the bounds in the morning is not conducive to wakefulness at night, and when I again opened my eyes, though the window was equally bright, I could distinguish that this time the rays were those of the sun. It was rather late in the morning—for the country, I mean; but Treddock had also some arrears of rest to make up, and I had nearly dressed, when he looked in at my room-door. The old constable was awaiting us below in the very highest possible condition of self-satisfaction, and was only lingering to receive my friend's congratulations (with something more substantial, I believe, added) before setting off for the village, having, as he confidently intimated, cleared everything up, though, so far as any explanation went, things were really left as much a mystery as ever. Nothing further had occurred; that was all that could be said. But in our content at this, no one was overlogical; all seemed only too anxious to conclude that the strange affair had ended; and everybody indefinitely praised the old man, as if he had really been in some way the cause of it. Chuckling loudly as he went, he took his leave; and Treddock and I, with the lady of the household, who had now joined us, sat down to breakfast in the best of temper. Some ten minutes elapsed, and we were rediscussing the incidents of the hunt of yesterday, when a yelling shout arose just underneath the window near where we sat, and a dirty hand came beating on the casement outside, so fiercely that a diamond pane shivered out of its lead casing, and tinkled as it fell inside. Mrs. Treddock gave a scream, and nervously clutched the child to her bosom.

"Hoo, mestur! Hoo, mestur!" cried a lad's terrified voice, as Treddock flung open the window, "th' constable is done fur; they're killed him at the back o' the little bean-stack!"

This was awful. Treddock and I rushed out at the front, and made for a couple of bean-stacks which stood in a near corner of the yard, round the east gable, not far from the dog-kennel. Stretched upon the ground, lay the poor old constable, his head and shoulders resting in a little pool of blood, the haggard face turned upwards, looking as though he were quite dead. Upon our raising him, we found that he still breathed, but his injuries were evidently frightful, and most dangerous; and, as had happened in all the other cases, the wounds had been inflicted on the head, and had the appearance of having been done by a blunt weapon. Treddock shouted loudly for some one to bring a chair for the better carrying of the injured man; and in the meantime we supported him in a sitting-posture as well as we could. I noticed that Treddock's eyes were attracted over my shoulder towards some object as we knelt.

"Look there!" he said, in a hollow whisper—"that mare has seen it done! Whoever it is, she knows them. Oh, if she was but a Christian!"

I turned my head, and looked. There was the black mare on the other side of a little low fence, not two yards away, protruding her head over, her nostrils dilating, and her eyes glaring in the wildest fear while we could see through the pales that the terrified creature trembled in every limb. But the next minute the household was clustering around us; nor was it greatly to be wondered at that the women screamed, and the men turned pale at the ghastly spectacle we carried through their midst. Several of them, scarcely ten minutes before, had seen the old man jauntily set off for home in good health and strength. A servant was instantly despatched on the master's horse for the nearest surgeon, but he unfortunately lived a couple of miles away. We laid the poor constable on the kitchen hearth, propping him with pillows, and tried to staunch the bleeding with cloths.

"Ellen, you and the baby must quit this house at once, said Treddock, turning his face, now pale enough, towards his wife. "The place is bewitched, and something will happen to you. Go, and get you ready," he urged, his voice shaking; "we shall have the country police here now: knocking human beings on the head is different to killing cows, and sheep, and dogs. If he dies, there'll have to be an inquest held."

Mrs. Treddock hugged her child to her breast, while she bent over the injured man; but she answered that she should not go away, unless Treddock went with her; everybody, she said, had better go, and leave the place to itself. The servants, short as the time was, were already acting upon that conviction; some were bringing boxes down stairs, and one or two had got their bonnets on. This last horrible affair, occurring in broad day, had broken down the courage of everybody, and the whole premises had instantly been thrown into confusion, no one daring to venture now from one room into another alone. Meanwhile, the constable continued to breathe, and more heavily; now and then, he tossed about his arms, but he seemed to be quite unconscious. Very shortly, people came hurrying up from the village, the messenger sent for the doctor having told them the startling news as he passed through. The house was filled with persons quickly. I suggested that the police should be sent for from the county town, and Treddock assenting, a second messenger was ordered to saddle the black mare, and hurry away on this errand, with a whispered injunction from me, at which he gave me a puzzled stare, not on any account to touch the animal's ears unless he wanted a tumble. The man, a few minutes afterwards, shouted in at the kitchen-door that the mare had got loose in the upper field, and would not let a dozen of them catch her. He was angrily bade to take one of the cart-horses. By and by, though the interval seemed cruelly long, the surgeon arrived, and after a hasty examination, he pronounced that the constable's head was fractured in two places. In answer to a question from Treddock, he said that, as far as he could judge, the blows had been struck with a dull-edged metal instrument. Under the doctor's instructions, the old man was removed to a couch in another room, which could be kept free from intruders; for by this time the crowd had about taken possession of the whole place, neither Treddock nor his wife seeming greatly to object to it. The presence of the crowd appeared to give something like a sense of security, or it at least mitigated the feeling of danger. My big strong friend stood with a pallid face amidst the mob of his male neighbors; and Mrs. Treddock, with her frightened child, made another centre for the moaning circle of women. Occasionally, Treddock would turn to me, and, in a mechanical way, express his hope for the arrival of the police; but the mystery was to be explained without their aid, and, as fate would have it, I had a principal part to play in the solution. Treddock, after making another effort, finally succeeded, by the aid of the chorusing women, in persuading his wife to take the child away from the Grange down into the village. She went up stairs for her own bonnet and shawl, and for Master Charlie's hat, and was shortly fully dressed and ready to start. A big servant girl had the baby in her arms, and after he had received the father's showers of kisses, she set off with him in advance of her mistress, who turned back for another little fit of hysterical sobbing on Treddock's broad shoulder.

"The black mare—the black mare!" was the next moment yelled in a score of terrified voices, and a clatter of hoofs dashed past the front door. "She has got the child!" next struck on our ears in horror.

Instantly everybody was pouring pell-mell through the doorway, but Tom Treddock's fists, striking right and left in sudden fury, made for himself the foremost way, his poor stark-mad wife, however, keeping a dragging hold of him. But, once outside, everybody came to a sudden stand-still; the parents stopped transfixed in wondering terror, like every one else. On the other side of a small pond, just below the house, to the left, and through which she must have rushed, stood the infernal mare, with the child hanging from its jaws, held up by the clothes; and just as we all got sight of her, she ducked her head, and dipped the struggling infant under water, clearly bodily into the pond! Some men who had been hastening towards her, stopped rooted at this manœuvre, and lifting her head, the she-devil stood at bay, white streams of vapor escaping from her nostrils, and her eyes blazing blood-red. With a ringing shriek, Mrs. Treddock rushed towards the pond, and Tom followed her, but once more the devilish creature ducked her head, and plunged the child into the muddy choking water. The mother fell headlong, and the father stiffened where he checked himself, with his big, helpless arms upraised, while everybody else remained motionless, fascinated with horror. One old woman alone had presence of mind, which afterwards shamed all the rest; she rushed back into the house, and a moment later she thrust a gun into my hands, I happening to be nearest. This broke the spell. I ran for the pond, a wild cry going up from every quarter at the sight of my weapon. The hellish eyes of the mare met mine, and again she drooped the child towards the water; but in doing so, she exposed her neck, and I fired for the junction of the shoulder-blade. Although a sort of darkness instantaneously blinded my eyes, I saw through it that the black mare fell at the edge of the water where she had stood, and that the child floated loose, a white speck on the surface of the pond.

A moment later, the fiend in hide and hoofs was dead, and the half-drowned infant was rescued, but not an instant too soon. Tom Treddock staggered to me, but in the act of grasping my hand, tumbled into the arms of those about him; the big stout-hearted fellow had swooned, just as his wife had already done, as I was within the toss of a straw of doing the next moment. What the historic William Tell's sensation must have been, immediately after that famous archery feat, I still do not pretend to know, for Charlie Treddock was no child of mine; but if the bowman on that occasion had happened to be not the father himself, but only a friend of his, I think I have some idea of what his feeling was, and I beg to say that it was not a pleasant one.

Matters were at last cleared up. It was the mare which had done all the mischief, and this last horrid act was only the climax which disclosed the mystery. The men who had been helping to catch her in the field kept on in their efforts after the wagoner gave up, and started upon his errand on another horse; and just as her pursuers had succeeded in driving her towards the house, the servant-girl had gone out of doors with the child. She explained that she had put the infant down to his feet on the ground, where he propped himself against a sunny wall, while she arranged her shawl; and at that instant, the devil-possessed brute swooped him up in her jaws, and carried him off to the pond in the sight of a score of eyes. It was no less clear, strange as it at first seemed, that the mare had done all the rest of the horrible mischief. As she lay there, part in the water and part out, blood-stains, which the water seemed to have freshened into recent patches, were discovered on both the hoofs of her fore-feet. Her iron shoes were unquestionably the instruments which had inflicted the constable's wounds; and they also had beaten out the brains of the dogs, and killed the sheep, and broken the legs of the cow, and bruised the head of Rob the cart-horse. It all grew as plain as daylight, for it was now discovered that, although no human footprints had been discovered near the spots where the strange scenes had occurred, there were always marks of horse-shoes there. Subsequently, I may say, the thing was proved by direct as well as by this inferential evidence—the first words the old constable uttered, eleven days after receiving the injuries, were, that it was the black mare that attacked him immediately after he left the house.

The explanation finally gained, through the medium of the police, was this, that the black mare had been a "trick"-horse in a circus, and had been sold by them on account of her malice, having seriously injured several of those who performed with her. She had a knack, it was stated, of untying herself from a halter, and could even unfasten a stable-door. No doubt, she had in that way got loose, and so had had, unknown to all, the run of the premises. How such an infernal spirit could ever come to possess a horse, is a question I shall not attempt to answer. The veterinary-surgeon professed entire ignorance of the matter, and asserted that the mare was only sent down to him from a distance for sale. He, however, thought it consistent with his own interests to return to Treddock the purchase money he had paid, and also give the constable a sum of money.

I should have mentioned that the doctor had two patients to attend to at the Grange for several days; Mrs. Treddock's brain had, in another way, received a shock nearly as severe as that sustained by the constable. By-and-by, she recovered, taking much longer time, however, than did Master Charlie to rally from his rough ill-usage. Both parents expressed a firm belief that my visit to the Grange had been owing to providential arrangement, and seemed much to regret that baby had already a godfather. Things very shortly settled down into a quiet state; and after all, I did not return to town before I had had other sport than that of shooting horses, and if the process was less exciting, it was far more pleasant.

The old constable, by the time he had gathered a little strength, had fully persuaded himself that it was he who had hit on the first clue to the mysterious depredator being the mare, from his saying that the house-window, which was smashed in in the early morning, had been broken by two somethings which struck simultaneous blows, for by that, he now asseverated, he distinctly meant to convey the notion of horses' feet!

Mrs. Child on "Waterfalls."—It is the privilege of women to criticise the fashions and oddities of the sex to the utmost latitude, but Mrs. L. Maria Child, in her horror of "waterfalls" so far out-runs her usual delicacy as to excite a suspicion that she is verging on the envious. In a recent letter to the Independent, she says: "I saw from my window a bevy of damsels sailing by, with hen-coops in their skirts, and upon their heads a rimless pan of straw with a feather in it—utterly useless for defense against wind or sun. To make this unbecoming head-gear still more ungraceful there descends from it something called by the flowing name of waterfall, but which in fact looks more like a cabbage in a net, tricked out with beads and wampum. If I had met them in Western forests, I should have taken them for Ojibbeway squaws, but their dress was *a la mode Parisienne*. This tyranny of France is, I suppose, one of the things that must be endured, because it cannot be helped, till our brains are better developed."

The story is told of a recently deceased Parisian, that, perceiving one day, after a heavy fall of rain, a very well-dressed young woman standing at the edge of the side pavement of the Boulevard, and evidently much perplexed as to the best method of traversing the sea of mud before her, he gallantly advanced, took her up in his arms and carried her across dryshod. The lady made no objection to the mode of transit, but, on being set down, expressed her gratitude as follows: "Sir, you are an insolent fellow!" Thereupon, M. Boucher immediately repaired the wrong by again transporting her, with the same precautions, to the very spot where he had first met her, and took his leave with a profound salutation.

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Dear Sir—With your permission, I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send, by return mail, to all who wish it (free) a recipe with full directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove, in ten days Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth, and beautiful.
I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads or Bare Faces simple directions and information, that will enable them to start a full growth of Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers, or a Moustache, in less than thirty days.
These recipes are valuable to both old and young, and as they are mailed to all who need them free of charge, they are worthy the attention of all who prize a clear, pure Skin, or a healthy growth of Hair.
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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of Aug., by Friends' ceremony, in presence of Mayor Henry, Thomas C. Atkinson to Ann E. Atkinson, both of this city.
On the 24th of Aug., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. Hugh J. Laird to Miss Mary Myers, both of this city.
On the 26th of Aug., by the Rev. W. Sterrett, William Cain to Miss Isabella Griffith, both of this city.
On the 24th of Aug., by the Rev. F. C. Pearson, Mr. Isaac L. Glascon, of this city, to Miss Viola Robinson, of Covington, Ky.
On the 24th of Aug., by the Rev. John Shields, Mr. Adolph H. Wagner to Miss Julia A. Hilker, both of this city.
On the 28th of Aug., at Reading, Pa., by the Rev. Dr. Kindig, Adolph F. Gramsle, of this city, to Sue L. Borell, of Reading.
On the 2d of May, Mr. William R. Haworth to Martha A. Howland, formerly Davis.
On the 13th of Aug., by the Rev. Mr. Jarvis, Mr. John Thornton to Miss Mary F. Sanders, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Downingtown, Pa., July 29th, Jennie E. Torbert, daughter of Saml. Torbert, in her 30th year.
On 3d-day, 9th month, 29th, Earl Shinn, in his 70th year.
On the 29th of Aug., Mrs. Margaret Dale, widow of the late Dr. Richard C. Dale, of Delaware, aged 81 years and 10 months.
On the 29th of Aug., Walter Hilbert, aged 28 years and 6 months.
On the 29th of Aug., Mrs. Sarah Harris, in her 65th year.
On the 28th of Aug., Benjamin F. Gladding, in his 24th year.
On 2d-day, the 28th of Aug., Anna Evans, in her 64th year.
On the 27th of Aug., Mrs. Hannah Brown, aged 68 years.
On the 27th of Aug., Mrs. Anne Hood, in her 66th year.
On the 26th of Aug., William Hardwick, Sr., in his 57th year.

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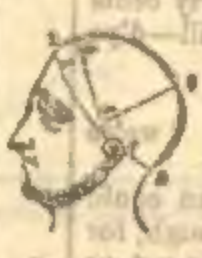

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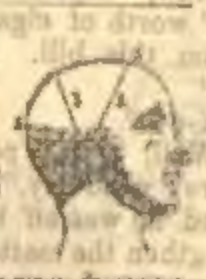

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Couldn't See It.

D——— became possessed of a compound interest bearing ten dollar note, dated August 15, which, at the time he held it, was worth ten dollars and thirty cents. D——— took it down to a cigar man, who was not quite up to all manner of dodges," and proceeded to buy thirty cents' worth of cigars. Having pocketed his cigars, he showed the figures on the back of the note, and demonstrated conclusively to the cigar man that the note was ten dollars and thirty cents.

"Y-e-s," says the cigar man.

"Well," says D——— rapidly, "I've thirty cents' worth of cigars; and there's thirty cents due on this bill. It's a ten dollar bill—d'ye see?"

"Y-e-s."

"Well, then," pocketing the note, "we're square; good-day."

And he was off before the cigar man could strengthen the matter in his head; though, for that matter, I presume he is in a wonder yet as to how that matter is.

Objection to a Juror.

Here is one for the legal fraternity and expounders of the law: Mr. ——— was arrested for appropriating oats from R———'s wagon, for which he could show no receipt of payment, and taken before Dr. W———, a justice of the peace. When the accused came into court, he demanded a jury trial, which was granted. The jurors came in and took their seats, when R———'s counsel commenced challenging the jurors for cause. One of the best citizens of the county was objected to. The counsel was asked to state his objections.

"I object to this man's acting as juror, because he is morally incompetent. Over a year ago he had his collar-bone broken firing a Prussian musket at a wild goose; and any man that is such a fool as to use one of those guns is morally incompetent to sit on a jury!"

The judge decided the objections well taken, and the juror was dismissed.

The Prussian musket is the arm furnished to the militia of Dakota by the general government.

Children's Sayings.

We have two or three original anecdotes, which amusingly illustrate the literalness with which children apply the knowledge they gain. A little boy, on the occasion of a thunder-storm, when the sun was suddenly clouded, exclaimed, "How quick God takes the sun in!" Another little fellow, who was fond of flowers, and who called a patch of whiteweed near the house, his flower garden, said, as he heard the muttering of an approaching storm, "I'm glad it *founders*, 'cause *founder* always waters my garden." Little Willie, being told to sit still during a thunder-shower, asked what the noise was. He was told by the awe-struck lady who had him in charge, that it was the voice of God, and again admonished to keep still. But in spite of this injunction, as another and heavier clap of thunder came, he broke out with, "Why, Miss M., *he's hollerin' now!*"—*Portland Transcript.*

Capital Bound to Win.

A "gemman ob color" belonging to Tehama, recently made a pilgrimage to Red Bluff for the purpose of procuring an ebony helpmate, either as a partner in the laundry business or for life, he wasn't particular which. Arriving at his destination he made known to the pouting Ethiope the object of his visit, and asked her consent to the proposition. After turning the question over in her mind for a few moments, she came out with, "S———, how much capital has you?

"Well, Phœbe, to tell you de truf, I'se only got four dollars wid me jes now."

"Won't do, S———, won't do! Sam Johnsing hab got six an' a cookin' stove. I guess I gwine to hab him."

Poor S——— is still going it alone.

Against the Current.

A waggish chap, whose vixen wife, by drowning lost her precious life, called out his neighbors all around, and told 'em that his spouse was drowned, and, in spite of search, could not be found. He knew, he said, the very nook, where she had tumbled in the brook, and he had dragged along the shore, above the place a mile or more.

"Above the place?" the people cried; "why, what dy'e mean?"

The man replied—

"Of course you don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to look below? I've known the woman quite a spell, and learnt her fashions tol'ble well; alive or dead, she'd go, I swow, against the current anyhow!"

A temperance lecturer, descanting on the essential purifying qualities of cold water, remarked, as a knock-down argument:—"When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord cou'd do nothing with it, He was obliged to give it a thorough scouring in cold water." "Yes," replied a toper, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

Some person whom Quin had offended met him one day in the street, and stopped him. "Mr. Quin," said he, "I understand that you have been taking away my name." "What have I said, sir?" "You called me a scoundrel, sir." "Oh! then keep your name, sir," said Quin, and walked on.

The Prince of Imagination.—A French bonnet-maker told a customer, who complained of the price demanded for a new bonnet: "Consider, madame, it cost me three sleepless nights merely to imagine it."

Hardhearted Art.—"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I would much rather steal theirs," says the unpromising young man.

It is a question for the consideration of the medical faculty, whether patients suffering from a deficiency of iron in the blood might not be benefitted by the use of steel punches as an habitual beverage.

Reliable.—Female correspondents in Europe are thought more reliable, as they never *miss* the mails, and are never *tight* except when *laced*.

The horse is not an affectionate animal; he don't seem to care about his master much. We have seen one attached to a wagon, though.

AFFECTING.

Our fast young friend, Flashington, having taken an extra glass or tw last night, proposed to Miss Catchem, and unfortunately was—accepted. those of Boxer, this morning.

Electioneering.

I am an old resident of Oregon, and was for many years a constituent of Jo L———, at one time Oregon's greatest politician. I propose telling the curious reader one of his electioneering dodges, and how nicely he got caught at it. Uncle Jo was about to make a speech to the unterrified of Long Tom, and stopped at Tom Brown's for dinner. He knew Tom to be a little shaky—in fact, quite inclined to be anti-L———, and Uncle Jo determined to bring him over. As soon as he entered the house he commenced his usual tactics: "Well, God bless you, Mrs. Brown! how do you do, and how are all the little ones?" After kissing the dirty brood all round, he asks for mother's pipe. "If there is anything I do like, it is to smoke mother's pipe; it's got some strength into it, and does a fellow some good. By-the-by, Mrs. Brown, they say Tom is going to vote agin me. I hope he won't. He and I have fit Indians together up on Rogue River, and camped out in the mountains, and been good friends and Democrats ever since we came to Oregon."

Presently dinner is ready, and they have pork and beans, of course. Mr. Brown is sorry they have nothing better. But says Uncle Jo, "You could not have anything better; bless your soul, we don't have anything half so good in Washington. Why my friend, the President, would give half his salary to get such beans as these. Have you got a pint you could spare? I would so like to take them to him for seed."

"We've got bushels of them," says Mrs. Brown.

"Well, now, how lucky! If you will, do put up a pint of them. I will put them in my saddle-bags and take them on to Mr. Buchanan, and I would not be surprised if it were the means of Tom getting one of the best offices in the state."

So the beans were put up and stowed away in Uncle Jo's saddle-bags, and Tom's vote and influence were all made sure.

In about a week Tom and his wife go up to Eugene, to visit Tom's sister, Mrs. Smith. Uncle Jo had been there, and made a first-rate impression. Mrs. Smith tells Mrs. Brown, "What a nice gentleman Squire L———'is—so kind and sociable like; and then he thinks so much of Smith! Would you believe it, he brought us a pint of beans all the way from Washington, the very kind the President has on his table."

At this Mrs. Brown begins to smell a very big mice. Says she:

"Mrs. Smith, what kind of beans is them he brought you from Washington?"

"Oh, they are nice beans—twice as large as our white ones, with a pinkish eye."

"I thought so!" says Mrs. Brown. "May I see those beans?"

"Certainly," says Mrs. Smith. "I have them in the bag with the garden seeds.

The beans were produced, still tied up in a piece of Jane Brown's calico dress. This produced an explosion. Brown and Smith at once became anti-L———, and worked hard to defeat him. Messrs. Brown and Smith were a host in themselves. They canvassed long Tom and Eugene so thoroughly that Uncle Jo had not the ghost of a chance in those precincts.

The Arts in China.

They have manufacturers of false noses in China, but none of false teeth. There are practitioners who profess to cure the toothache instantaneously, and people worthy of credit have assured me they succeed in doing so. The works of European dentists are among the most admired examples of the skill of foreigners. A mandarin who was anxious to learn something about the making of teeth, once produced to me a box full of artificial noses of various sizes and colors, with which he supplied the defects of his own. He said he used one sort of nose before, and another after his meals, and insisted that Chinese ingenuity was greater than our own. What, in process of time, will be the action of western civilization on the farthest eastern regions—whether, and in what shape, we shall make returns for the instruction our forefathers received from thence—is a curious and interesting inquiry—more interesting from the vast extent of the regions before us. The fire-engine is almost the only foreign mechanical power which has been popularized in China. There is scarcely a watch or clock maker in the whole empire, though opulent men generally carry two watches. The rude Chinese agricultural and manufacturing instruments have been nowhere supplanted by European improvements. No steamship has been built by the Chinese. The only one I ever saw would not move after it was launched. It was said a Chinaman, who had only served on an English steamer as stoker, was required by the authorities to const is neither gold nor silve rency being a base met the fifth of a farthing. their beautiful silk stuf most primitive characte to us wholly unknown. the hardness and the e cannot imitate some o They have lately sent u which is permanent, w them, as printing, woo the compass, artillery p inventions from immem made from rags long a ers, and promissory no earlier period. The Ca a language and a litera for thirty centuries, whi literary language now w would have been intellig ago. If, then, this sing a third of the whole i with some contempt on them not be too harshl tately condemned.

Childre

When my little Anna of age, we were at her While eating her brea tried to swallow rather had some trouble to g caught her breath, sho swallowed herself."

Little Eddie's mam among other guests p who at table was requ Bending over his plate little E——— hearing voked for the first time was said, little Eddie re

"Mamma, mamma, say all that to his plate

Willie had an Uncle ster, and whom he saw on a visit to him. W little fellow of three ye met at the table Uncle over his plate and aske a new service to Will strain himself, but spe his plate. Just as his ed it over, and observin on the bottom, called

"There's more on Charles, say that."

Little Horace F——— trying to teach him to she wished him to learn it she asked why he di head with a sore of dis

"I was only showing

A little friend of ou is very fond of arithme answer any question in One day, a gentleman was rather difficult to a boy were ten years how old would his mot plied—

"*I think thirty*—but fractions, or I could *Pilgrim.*

AGRICU

Cosmo'

WRITTEN FOR THE SA

Surface

There has been goi and animated discuss practical agriculturists time and most proper cation of manurial ag most all other subjects review, the question h diversity of opinions, the present time favor

Now we have no ide definitely. Nevertheles like some of the other just what it is worth, vised, against the surf

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ible seven hundred years
ular people—more than
human race—look down
the "outside races," let
judged or too precipi-

i's Talk.

was nearly three years
grandfather's, visiting.
kfast one morning, she
a large piece of meat and
et it down." When she
e said, "Oh, Anna must

ma gave a tea party;
resent was a clergyman,
ested to ask a blessing.
he performed the service,
the Divine blessing in-
As soon as the amen
se and shouted—
what did Mr. M——
o for?"

Charles who was a mini-
r for the first time while
Willie was an observing
ura. The first time they
Charles bowed his head
d a blessing. This was
le, who could hardly re-
at the time, in examining
uncle concluded, he turn-
g the stamp of the maker
out—
the other side; Uncle

—'s mamma was one day
repeat something which
n; after repeating part of
dn't go on. He hung his
ressed look, and said—
you how I *couldn't*."

rs, about eight years old,
atic, and always ready to
it as far as she had gone.
gave her a problem which
olve. He asked her, "if
old and his father forty,
ther be?" The child re-

I have not been as far as
ell you exactly."—*Little*

LTURAL.

s Column.

TURDAY EVENING POST.

MANURING.

ng on of late, an earnest
ion among scientific and
, in regard to the best
manner of making appli-
nts to the soil. Like al-
that pass in agricultural
as involved a very great
the majority probably at
ing the surface practice.
a of settling the difficulty
ers, having an opinion,
rs, we shall put it in for
voting as at present ad-
ace universalists.
manner of application, we
important to consider the
of the soil, the position of
ity of material used. For
nure the surface of a field having a considerable inclination and a soil hard and compact, with some fertilizer whose greater bulk is readily soluble in water, down comes a drenching rain within a day or week of the application, and away to sea goes our surface offering, to fertilize clam-banks and oyster-beds. But trifling benefit has our liberal dosing of manure done that field.

Again, we may supply a perfectly level surface liberally, with manures having a very large per centage of volatile material in their combination. A protracted drought follows the application, and up goes our manurial agent in early exhalations, flying away on "the wings of the morning," and coming down many miles away, to fertilize the fields of some stranger we have never heard of, and wouldn't care a straw about if we had.

With such manures as plaster, poudrette, and wood ashes, who are not so ready to fly up, or run off laterally, but are inclined to hide themselves under the surface as speedily as possible, and readily unite there with the constituents of plant food held in equilibrium in the soil, we should say make surface applications and as near the plant it is intended to benefit as conveniently may be.

In regard to the proper time to apply manures, it is an open question as yet, how long soil is capable of enduring hunger without being starved to death. We feed ourselves, our horses and oxen, before retiring to rest, after a day of toil; why not our land? If it has exhausted its energy in producing a crop, and is hungry for that food of which it has been robbed, good philosophy would teach that the most proper time to feed it is while its appetite is crying give, give, and its digestive faculties are most active—not wait until the soil has put on its winter's sleep, nor begin stuffing it with manures before it has half got its eyes open in the spring. We do not believe that frost and snow are in any degree necessary to the fertility of the soil, or that any land is ever very greatly benefitted by the application of manures during the prevalence of very severe frosts.

Our own experience is in favor of applying the manure as soon after the crop comes off, or out of the ground, as can conveniently be done, and in almost all instances turning it under with a light furrow, laying it say—six inches beneath the surface, where nature the more readily lays hold of it, passes it deftly through her under ground alembic and gives it generously to the hungry soil, appeasing first her own appetite, and then holding it there a fitting pabulum to feed succeeding crops.

A very large percentage of the virtue of all long, coarse, barn-yard manures, would be utterly lost by permitting the material to be exposed bleaching and drying up upon the surface.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

A lady sends us the following which she desires republished—cut from THE POST years ago, and which she endorses as *good*:—

BLACKBERRY WINE.

The following receipt I cut from the columns of THE POST years ago, and have made gallons of wine from it:—Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask; to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let it stand until the following October, and you will have wine ready for use.

COOKING CABBAGE.

Cabbage is a capital vegetable, and coming so generally into favor that the half-heathen practice of murdering it in cooking in the majority of cases, ought to subject the cabbage cooks to an indictment for vegetable slaughter. This dowsing into a pot of a whole head of cabbage, unwashed, unsearched, uncut, boiling half an hour and serving up half raw, is an abomination most infamous.

A cabbage-head ought always to be thoroughly washed, then severely searched for lurking lice, bugs, and nasty worms, then cut through from the top towards the stump part, leaving enough to hold the head together—put the head into a net, and then into a steamer and steam two hours with a piece of nice, fat salt pork boiling underneath the steamer.

Cabbage half cooked is an abominable, unwholesome *cow fodder*—properly cooked, it is palatable, nutritious, and wholesome.

I know of several ways in which cabbage can be cooked so as to make it a great deal better than we generally find it, and when one of them shall happen to drift into my mind occasionally, I shall write it down and Post it for the benefit of cooks, cabbage, and community.

MADELINE.

Selected.

CREAM-TARTAR CAKES.

To one and a-half pounds of flour take two ounces of butter, rub it well in the flour, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, and quart of sweet milk; bake in hot oven.

LEMON CAKE.

Take one cup of butter, three of sugar, one of milk, four of flour, five eggs, a teaspoon of soda, juice and grated peel of one lemon.

GINGER SPONGE CAKE.

One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, soda, and ginger.

SPICE GINGERBREAD.

Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of moist sugar, four ounces of candied orange or lemon peel, cut small, one ounce of powdered ginger, two ounces of powdered allspice, one-half ounce of powdered cinnamon, a handful of carraway seeds, and three pounds of treacle; rub the butter with your hands into the flour, then add the other ingredients, and mix it in the dough with the treacle; make it into cakes or nuts, and bake it in a warm oven.

ENGLISH SPICE BREAD.

Take two quarts of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of stoned raisins, and a quarter of a pound of chipped citron. Warm a pint and a half of sweet milk, putting into it a piece of butter the size of an egg, and mix with a tea-cup of potato or baker's yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, one egg, and half an ounce of carraway seeds. Mould thoroughly, and set it to rise; when it has risen, bake in broad pans in a moderate oven for an hour and a quarter.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 76 letters.
My 1, 30, 57, 13, is a measure of distance.
My 2, 72, 12, 69, 24, 54, is a guardian.
My 3, 67, 36, 60, 71, 51, is a beautiful fruit.
My 4, 67, 37, is a household article.
My 5, 15, 25, 20, is an innocent animal.
My 6, 26, 32, 52, 40, 16, is part of a stove.
My 7, 62, 22, 56, 35, is an insect.
My 8, 16, 55, 20, 70, 28, is a Shemetic language.
My 9, 72, 30, 61, is a small spider.
My 10, 50, 23, 43, is the traitor's reward.
My 6, 45, 29, 12, is found in every house.
My 22, 73, 66, 13, 33, is a boy's nickname.
My 26, 14, 68, 41, 55, 37, is a husbandman.
My 38, 24, 76, is an enclosure.
My 39, 42, 44, is an animal.
My 42, 53, 19, is a personal pronoun.
My 47, 17, 67, 27, is a musical instrument.
My 63, 21, 31, 59, 16, is necessary to life.
My 64, 8, 12, 18, 58, 37, is a color.
My 65, 15, 56, 10, 75, is a sailing vessel.
My 75, 7, 11, 46, 35, 74, 60, 48, is a surgical instrument.

My whole are the words of a former King of France. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 6, 2, 3, 1, is a part of speech.
My 11, 3, 9, 2, belongs to the forest.
My 1, 6, 10, is a curse.
My 6, 8, 7, 10, signifies assent or confirmation.
My 1, 5, 3, 4, is without concealment or ornament.

My whole is a loss or deprivation.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cut off my head, and I am used
In making soup and oyster stews.
Now, cut off my tail, and you will see
One of the rivers of Italy.
My whole is a mark of different hue
From anything it is attached to.
Robbinsville, N. J. J. L. SINGLETON.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A weight.
A town of European Turkey.
A boy's name.
A son of Peter the Great.
A celebrated battle.
A farewell.
Part of a vessel.
A boy's name.

My initials and finals form two of the United States. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in the human frame,
My next an eastern river's name.
My third is in the kitchen found;
My fourth is a phonetic sound.
Confusion with the rest combined,
A beast will be in torrid climes.
Conewago, Dauphin Co., Pa. CYRUS.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman having 7 daughters—namely: Aemilia, Belinda, Clarissa, Diana, Esther, Francisca, and Georgiana—distributed $10,000 in ready cash among them, in the following complicated manner, viz.: To his eldest daughter, Aemelia, plus that which Belinda, and minus that which Clarissa got, he gave $1,183. To Belinda, plus that which Clarissa and minus that which Diana got, he gave $1,107. To Clarissa, plus that which Diana and minus that which Esther got, he gave $1,285. To Diana, plus that which Esther and minus that which Francisca got, he gave $1,393. To Esther, plus that which Francisca and minus that which Georgiana got, he gave $1,421. And to Francisca, plus that which Georgiana and minus that which Belinda, (the second daughter,) received, he gave $1,951. What was each daughter's own individual share? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A merchant in Davenport purchased in New York city goods to the amount of $5,378, on 6 months credit, paying 6 per cent. more than if he had paid down. What would he have saved in 20 years, averaging 2½ such purchases each year, if he had borrowed money at 7 per cent. per annum with which to make his purchases, and what would the Davenport merchant have gained if he had continued in trade 31 years, to borrow money instead of purchasing on credit, loaning the money saved at the end of each year at 7 per cent., simple interest?

MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a wise old boy like a collection of unpaid bills? Ans.—Because he's an (kn) owing file.

☞ Why are mountains like invalids? Ans.—Because they look peaklah.

☞ Why is the assessor of taxes the best man in the world? Ans.—Because he never underrates anybody.

☞ Why does the atmosphere of a dungeon resemble a great philosopher? Ans.—Because it's vault air (Voltaire.)

☞ "How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Ora, the Lost Wife, by Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer. RIDDLE—Pay-day. REBUS—George Washington, (Gold, Eel, Orange, Rat, Grant, Elephant, Warsaw, Ant, Sieo, Havana, Ink, Nebleus, Glass, Tree, Otter, Na.)

Answer to S. Horace G.'s PROBLEM, June 24th:—37.60908 square feet.—J. M. Greenwood and S. H. G.

To R. Barto's, July 1st:—1 mile, 6 furlongs, 20 rods.—Martin Van Buren.